

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1274. — October 31, 1868.

CONTENTS.

1. ONE HUNDRED PLANETS,	<i>St. James' Magazine,</i>	259
2. THE APOLLO BELVEDERE IN A NEW LIGHT. Translated for the Living Age,	<i>Bremen-Weser Zeitung,</i>	265
3. MADAME DE KRUDENER,	<i>Sunday Magazine,</i>	269
[Readers who remember the time of the First Napoleon and the First Alexander of Russia will share our interest in the mystic who had so much influence over the latter.]		
4. NOTES FROM THE SCOTTISH ISLES. No. III. Canna and its People,	<i>Spectator,</i>	283
5. DOLLS,	<i>Spectator,</i>	286
["Is there a heart that never loved?" Many centuries have rolled over us—we mean almost all the years of this century—since our paternal heart mourned over the loss of Jack—"sole Dolly of our house and heart."]		
6. BAD ENGLISH,	<i>London Review,</i>	289
7. HAWTHORNE, AND THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW,	<i>London Review,</i>	292
8. THE SEA,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	295
9. MISALLIANCES,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	299
10. MR. BRIGHT,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	302
11. NEW EXPEDITIONS TO THE NORTH POLE. Translated from	<i>La Revue des Deux Mondes,</i>	305
12. THE DEAN OF CORK AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION,	<i>Spectator,</i>	310
13. POEMS BY LOYALISTS AND ROYALISTS,	<i>Spectator,</i>	313
14. A VIEW OF LORD BYRON,	<i>London Review,</i>	315
15. THE RUMOURS OF WAR,	<i>Economist,</i>	318
16. ENGLAND ON DUTIES OF NEUTRALS,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	320

POETRY.

THE SHIP AT SEA,	258	A LARK'S FLIGHT,	297
----------------------------	-----	----------------------------	-----

SHORT ARTICLES.

FAMILY VOICES,	301	THE ENGLISH BIBLE. By a Barrister,	317
LORD ALVANLEY ON CROCKFORD,	301	THOUGHTS OF A PHYSICIAN,	318
MR. DICKENS AND ALL THE YEAR ROUND,	304	THE ROCK AHEAD,	318
LEARNING BY HEART, OR ART,	304	LIVRE DES ETRANGERES AT INTERLACHEN,	320

In No. 1275 we shall begin two good stories, to be afterward published separately:

1. MADAME THERESE. By ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN—(two celebrated French authors.) This has been translated for the "Living Age," and will continue every week till concluded.
2. LETTICE LISLE; which is probably by Miss Thackeray.

NEW BOOKS:

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE. By Horace Greeley. New York: T. B. Ford & Co. Boston: H. A. Brown & Co.

[We shall find opportunities to make this record of a remarkable man well known to our readers. Mr. Greeley has been an important part of the late years of the Republic.]

THE TROTTER HORSE OF AMERICA. How to train and drive him. With Reminiscences. By Hiram Woodruff. Edited by Charles J. Foster, etc., etc. New York: T. B. Ford & Co. Boston: H. A. Brown & Co.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

From The New Monthly Magazine.
THE SHIP AT SEA.
BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

I.

A SHIP at sea, no land to cheer the eye,
Nothing but waves below, and skies o'erhead,
Nothing to break that blue monotony,
The round world seeming one vast ocean-bed;
The unfathomed deep now peaceful, now at strife,
Heaving forever like a thing of life;
Forever rolling on as at its birth,
Belting with solemn glory all the earth.

II.

A ship at sea!—oh, beautiful, when Night
Builds high her azure ceiling, silvery spheres
Flaming along it, lamps of virgin light,
Hung there by God through everlasting years;
Ocean the floor of glass, where every beam
From those far lamps doth, softly mirrored,
gleam,
The boundless space uniting sea and sky,
Glory's grand home—the hall of Deity.

III.

The night was calm, and every snowy sail
Was stretched aloft to catch the sleepy breeze;
Still as a phantom, through the moonbeams
pale
The lofty ship went stealing o'er the seas;
The wave just curled from off the gliding bow,
A few small sparkles topp'd the billow's brow—
Bubbles that shone, then vanished from the eye,
Like moments melting in eternity.

IV.

The pennon idly wavered down the air,
The nautilus her little sail extended;
Wide ocean strove heaven's breathless hush to
share,
On all, o'er all, the dove of peace descended;
As in white showers the slanting beams were
cast,
The huge dark ship, rope, yard, and tapering
mast,
Reflected, trembled on the burnished tide,
As if two barks went floating side by side.

V.

But see, his flag of palest opal red
Day's herald waves; o'er all the sumptuous
East
Gradually roses and rich violets spread;
Voluptuous colour holdeth there a feast.
Not yet the sun springs up with flaming eye,
But from the horizon scarlet light-shafts fly,
Higher and brighter, heaven and sea in turn
Catching the blaze, till all things glow and burn.

VI.

He comes, and cloudless comes! flushed ocean's
brim
Reveals his forehead of hot dazzling gold;
Round all the expanse of waters nought is dim;
Like flakes of flame, lit wave on wave is rolled:

Billows turn rubies, as day's smile they meet,
Up leaps the dolphin warming beams to meet,
Light in rich streams through heaven's vast
dome is poured,
And nature, wide rejoicing, hails her lord.

VII.

Soon upon deck the late dull sleepers come,
In bustling crowds, to inhale the breath of
Morn;
Pale Sickness felt new vigour nerve his frame,
Drinking the breeze o'er freshening billows
borne;
The maiden laughed, upon her cheek the spray,
Tripped to and fro, some ballad tuning gay;
And Age, for England sighing, raised more high
His drooping form, and glanced around the
sky.

VIII.

The gleesome child was looking, with bright eyes,
T'ward ocean's verge for England's shores so
dear;
Her nurse had told her it was paradise,
Fairer than green Cabul or sweet Cashmere;
The stripling, long at sea, though still a boy,
Thought of his mother with deep filial joy,
And loving sisters in their youthful years,
He in the cottage-porch had left in tears.

IX.

Slowly the sea-bird o'er the billow glides,
Betokening land, then screams around the
ship;
And now the porpoise rears its glossy sides,
Springing in play, again in waves to dip.
Great lord of life, the sun is brightly beaming,
Out on the wind the flag is gaily streaming,
Full swell the sails, all eyes are northward cast,
A cloud—a growing speck—'tis land at last!

X.

Land! land! with pleasure glows the sick man's
eye;
His native breezes—yes, he yet may live;
The hard, rough seaman smiles; his cap on high
The stripling throws, more force his "cheer"
to give.
Land! land! the child doth up the bulwark
creep,
To see her "Eden" smiling o'er the deep,
Then by her mother, mirthful fay, she stands,
And claps, with many a laugh, her tiny hands.

XI.

Speed, good ship, speed, and bear your living
freight,
Those yearning souls, to varied homes they
prize!
No one so cold, so lonely doomed by fate,
But owns some friend where those grey cliffs
arise;
And bosoms there, long mourning the departed,
Will soon again embrace them, joyous-hearted;
Glide, good ship, on! the very waves seem gay,
Flashing a welcome, sporting round your way.

From St. James' Magazine.

ONE HUNDRED PLANETS.

It is probable that before these pages appear, the number of known asteroids, or minor planets, will be increased to one hundred. As we write, two are wanting from that number; but scarcely a month has passed lately without adding one of these minute worlds to the planetary system. It would almost seem as if astronomers had been more than usually on the alert of late, on account of the near prospect of entering on the second hundred of the asteroidal family.

The history of the discovery that there exists in space a zone of worlds circling round the sun in interwoven orbits, is one which can hardly fail to be interesting, even to those who have not made astronomy a subject of special study. By a singular accident, this history belongs wholly to the nineteenth century, the discovery of the first asteroid having been effected on the first day of the century. We propose to discuss some of the more interesting circumstances which have attended the search after new members of the zone of asteroids.

When Copernicus had shown that the planets circle around the sun, and had thus swept away the whole of Ptolemy's complicated system, with its

"Centrics and eccentrics scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,"

astronomers began for the first time to be sensible of the symmetry and orderliness of the planetary system. They saw six beautiful orbs all circling in one direction around a massive central globe; and around one of these orbs — our own earth — they saw a secondary orb, or satellite, revolving in the same direction as the primary planets. Then came the discovery of Jupiter's moons, revolving in symmetrical orbits around the giant of the solar system, and still astronomers saw no change from the law by which all the members of the solar system, satellites as well as primaries, seemed bound to revolve in one direction.

Struck by the order and symmetry thus exhibited within the solar system, the ingenious astronomer Kepler was led to seek for new evidence of symmetrical arrangement, or, as he quaintly expressed it, for new har-

monies in the music of the spheres. He quickly noticed a certain evidence of law in the distribution of the planets at various distances from the great centre of the system. He tried many methods — some simple, others complex — for harmonising the planetary distances, but he was always foiled at one particular point of his inquiry. A gap, which his devices were insufficient to bridge over, appeared to exist between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. "At length," says he, "I have become bolder, and I now place a new planet between these two" — a happy anticipation of future discoveries, somewhat marred, it should seem, by a guess which has not been confirmed — the supposition, namely, that an unseen planet revolves between the orbits of Mercury and Venus.

A century and a half later, Professor Titius, of Wittenberg, propounded a singular law of planetary distances, which only required for its completeness the supposition that an unseen planet revolves between Mars and Jupiter. This law, commonly called Bode's law, is usually presented with an array of figures, which leads the beginner to suppose that the law is a complex one. In reality, however, the law is very simple, and may be expressed in few words, thus: *the distances of the successive planets from the orbit of Mercury increases in a twofold proportion.* The law is not fulfilled exactly, but there is an approximation to exactness which is sufficiently remarkable. Thus, according to the law, if we called the distance of the earth from Mercury's orbit *two*, the distance of Venus should be *one*, that of Mars *four*, that of the missing planet *eight*, that of Jupiter *sixteen*, and that of Saturn *thirty-two*. The actual distances are as follows: — That of Venus is *one and a tenth*, that of Mars *three and four-fifths*, that of Jupiter *sixteen*, and that of Saturn *thirty and a half*. Although we recognize the possibility that this approximation may be merely accidental, yet it cannot fail to strike us as involving, at the least, a very singular coincidence.

Here matters remained until the discovery of Uranus by Sir William (then Dr.) Herschel. As soon as the orbit of the new planet had been determined, it was found

that its distance corresponds very closely to Bode's law. As Uranus travels outside Saturn's orbit, its distance from Mercury's orbit should be represented by *sixty-four* (on the above-named scale). The actual distance is *sixty-two and two-thirds*. This close agreement attracted much attention to Bode's law, and many eminent astronomers began to attach considerable importance to Kepler's prediction, that between the orbit of Mars and Jupiter there would be found a planet too small to be seen by the unaided eye.

Nearly nineteen years elapsed, however, before any measures were taken to institute a rigid search for the missing body. At length, in 1800, six distinguished astronomers held a meeting at Lilienthal, at which the subject was earnestly discussed. It was finally arranged that the zodiac — that region of the celestial sphere along which all the planets are observed to move — should be divided into twenty-four belts, which were to be explored by as many astronomers, each astronomer taking a separate zone. The superintendence of the whole process was assigned to the eminent observer Schroeter; and Baron de Lach, to whom the institution of the search was mainly due, was chosen as the president of the new Society of Planet-seekers.

It has often happened in the history of astronomy that the results of the most carefully organized research have been anticipated by observers not engaged in carrying out the appointed plan of operations. For instance, when all the astronomers of Europe were sweeping the heavens for Halley's comet in 1758, a Saxon farmer — Palisch — anticipated them all by detecting — and that with the unaided eye — the return of the wanderer. Something similar happened in the present instance.

The celebrated Italian astronomer Piazzi was engaged in constructing an extensive catalogue of the fixed stars. While prosecuting this work, he was led to examine a portion of the constellation Taurus, in which a certain star (assigned by Wollaston to this region) was missing. For several nights in succession Piazzi prosecuted his inquiry after the missing orb. Whether Wollaston had made a mistake, or whether he had recorded the place of an asteroid

which had moved away to other regions of the sky, we shall probably never learn. Certain it is that Piazzi could not detect any star where Wollaston had marked one in. But his search was soon rewarded by a discovery of greater value. On the 1st of January, 1801, he observed a small star, which was not recorded in his own, or any other catalogue. On the 2nd he looked again for the star, proposing to determine its place afresh. To his surprise, he found that the star had moved away from the place it had before occupied. The motion was inconsiderable, indeed, but yet he could feel little doubt respecting its reality. On the 3rd he looked again for the stranger, and now there was absolute certainty respecting its motion. Yes, the star was slowly moving from east to west, or, to use a technical expression, slowly retrograding. This was precisely the sort of motion which would be exhibited by a planet occupying the apparent position of the stranger. But as it was a kind of motion which might belong to a body moving in a very different manner, Piazzi waited for further information. If the stranger were really a planet, *it could not retrograde long, but was bound presently to resume its forward motion.* Why this is so, we need not here stop to explain. Let it suffice to remark that, along certain parts of their paths, the planets seem for awhile to move backwards, just as an advancing train might seem to do if observed by a passenger in a train travelling more rapidly in the same direction. For eleven days Piazzi's star continued to retrograde, but he observed with satisfaction that its motion diminished daily. On the 12th of January it was stationary. Then slowly it began to advance along the zodiac signs.

There was no longer any doubt respecting the character of the stranger; and after watching the star for twelve more days, Piazzi wrote to Bode and Orani, two members of the planet-seeking association, informing them of the nature of his discovery. Unfortunately his letters did not reach them until the end of March, and in the meantime — after tracking the star until the 11th of February — Piazzi was seized with a very dangerous illness which put a stop to his observations. When Bode and Orani

received Piazzi's letters, the newly-discovered planet had become lost to view, having already approached that part of the heavens in which the sun was situated, and being thus lost to sight through the overpowering brilliancy of the solar light.

Nothing remained for the present but to await the re-appearance of the missing orb. Six long months, however, were to elapse, and all this time the stranger would be speeding onward in an orbit of which so little was known, that it seemed all but hopeless that the place of the new planet should be guessed at after so long an interval. In the meantime a rough analysis was made of the stranger's path, and all agreed in the conclusion that Kepler's prediction had really been fulfilled, and that the new planet revolved in an orbit intermediate between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Not only was this found to be the case, but it was shown that the distance of the stranger corresponded very closely with the law which has been stated above.

In September, 1801, the search for the returning planet was commenced. But, as had been feared, it proved unfruitful. Again and again the keenest observers scrutinised those regions of the sky in which the stranger might be expected to appear, but no success rewarded their labours. "The world began to sneer," writes a modern astronomer, "at a science which could find a body in the heavens and then lose it for ever."

Observational astronomy had been tried and had failed—the time had come to apply the powers of physical astronomy. The young astronomer, Gauss, already well-known for his application of new modes of analysis to the computation of cometic orbits, was fired with the ambition of completing by means of computation the tracking process which Piazzi had pursued by actual observation, and had been compelled to leave unfinished.

The attempt was a bold one—almost as bold as that later effort which led to the discovery of distant Neptune. It was successful, however. The long process of calculation was finished a few days before the end of the year 1801; the calculated path of the planet on the celestial sphere was announced to the observers who had

been so long unsuccessful in their labours; and on the last day of the year the planet was detected by De Lach close to the place assigned to it by the ephemeris of Gauss. Thus, by a singular coincidence, the discovery of the new planet was the work of exactly one year. Detected on the evening of the first day of the present century, the stranger was finally admitted into the family of planets at the end of the first year of the century. On January 1st, 1802, the new planet was independently re-discovered by Olbers. The name Ceres was assigned to it.

On a careful examination of the orbit of Ceres, a very satisfactory accordance with the anticipations of astronomers was found to result. On the supposition that the earth's distance from the orbit of Mercury is expressed by *two*, the distance of Ceres should have been *eight*: it is actually *seven and nine-tenths*.

But it was not long before some very anomalous features were observed in the relations presented by the new planet. In the first place, it was found to be a very minute object, not merely in comparison with the primary planets, but even when compared with their satellites. Sir W. Herschel estimated its diameter at only 161 miles; so that the surface of the new world (assuming this estimate to be correct) is considerably less than that of Great Britain. Then, again, the motion of the new planet is not of the orderly nature which is characteristic of the planetary system. It travels in a path which is considerably inclined to that plane in space near which all the other planets are observed to move.

While astronomers were speculating on these peculiarities, a new discovery was effected. The astronomer Olbers, during his search after Ceres, had familiarised himself with the aspect of all the telescopic stars which lie near the path followed by that planet. On the 28th of March, 1802, while examining a portion of this track—a region very near to the spot on which he had detected Ceres three months before—he observed a small star of the seventh magnitude where no star, he felt sure, had been seen by him on any former occasion. Now there is nothing very uncommon in

such an observation as this, because there are many stars which only shine out at intervals. Olbers supposed the stranger to be one of these fitful variables; but he thought it well to re-examine the star, after an interval, in order to see whether it had any perceptible motion. He found that it was moving, and continuing his observations he established the fact that the stranger was a planet, on the very evening on which he had first discovered it.

In exactly one month from the discovery of this second planet, Gauss had calculated its orbit. To the surprise of the astronomical world, the stranger was found to be quite as fitting a representative of Kepler's missing planet as Ceres had been shown to be. Its mean distance is nearly the same as that of Ceres; and its dimensions appear to be equally, or perhaps more minute. But the orbit of the new planet presents one or two peculiarities. It is far more eccentric than that of Ceres, and it departs so widely from the mean plane of the planetary system, that Sir W. Herschel considered the term planet inapplicable to such a body. Hence arose the invention of the name *asteroid*, perhaps as ill-chosen a term as has ever been adopted by the scientific world.

The circumstance that two planets should be found revolving around the sun at nearly the same mean distance, attracted a great deal of attention among astronomers. In fact, we may look upon the discovery as one of the most remarkable that has ever been effected. For men began at once to see that there exists within the solar system a variety of structure of which they had hitherto had little conception. It is not saying too much to assert that a large proportion of the views at present held respecting the planetary system would have been scouted as *bizarre* and fanciful before the discovery of Pallas. For in astronomy, as in the other sciences, the range of the known limits man's conceptions respecting the unknown.

So strange did the phenomena presented by the two new planets appear, that astronomers were led to suppose that possibly these bodies might be but the fragments of a large planet, which had once revolved, brilliant as Mars or Jupiter, between the orbits of these planets. Men recalled the fanciful views of the ancient astronomer, who spoke of planets which had disappeared from the heavens. Olbers, the discoverer of Pallas, was the first to give form to the new theory. He supposed that some internal convulsion might have rent

the massive globe of a primary planet into fragments, and hurled these forth with sufficient energy to account for the anomalous motions of the recently discovered bodies. He suggested the possibility that other fragments might be discovered; and he pointed out two parts of the heavens in which the search after such fragments would have the best chance of success.

The views of Olbers were quickly acted upon, and no very long time elapsed before the discovery of a third planet in one of the very regions indicated by Olbers, seemed to confirm his fanciful theory. The new planet, which received the name of Juno, was detected by Harding, of Lillenthal, on September 2nd, 1804. It appears to be smaller than either of the others, and revolves in an orbit of singular eccentricity.

Confirmed in his views by this discovery, Olbers prosecuted the search after new fragments of his shattered planet with new energy. For two years and a half, however, he sought in vain. At length, on March 28th, 1807, his perseverance met with its reward, in the discovery of the largest known member of the asteroidal family. He was examining the northern wing of Virgo, when his attention was drawn to a brilliant star of the sixth magnitude in a neighbourhood with which his long-continued researches had made him intimately familiar. He had never before seen this star, and, therefore, felt convinced that it was a planet. It must be remembered that to a telescopic, sixth magnitude stars hold much the same position as first magnitude stars to the naked-eye observer. They shine out in the field of view just as Arcturus, Aldebaran, or Sirius shine out among the lesser stars on the celestial vault. Therefore, a telescopic who has spent any time in examining a particular region of the heavens, would be as much struck by the discovery of a new sixth magnitude star, as any person familiar with the constellations would be if a new and brilliant star were to shine out in some well-known star-group.

A few hours' observation sufficed to place the planetary character of the star beyond a doubt. Soon after, Olbers sent to Gauss a series of observations for the determination of the new planet's path, and in *two hours* from the receipt of Olbers' communication, Gauss had completed the calculation — an achievement unexampled in the history of physical astronomy. The orbit of the new planet was found to resemble that of Ceres, Pallas, and Juno, but its distance is somewhat smaller. It is the only aste-

roid which has ever been visible to the naked eye, Schroeter being the only observer who has so seen it.

Then for a long time the progress of discovery ceased. It would seem that no further search was made until about the year 1830, when M. Hencke, an amateur astronomer of Driessen, in Germany, began a careful survey of the zodiac belt. For fifteen years he continued to examine the heavens without success. During all those long years he was intent on the study of stars which no unaided eye has ever seen. Laboriously he traced down their configuration, returning again and again to star-group after star-group in hopes of detecting the signs of change. But it was not until the close of the year 1845, more than thirty-eight years after the discovery of Vesta, that Hencke's unflinching perseverance met with its just reward. On the 8th of December, he wrote to M. Encke, of the Observatory of Berlin, announcing the discovery of a star in a certain position which he felt sure had hitherto been untenanted. Encke examined the heavens in this neighbourhood six days later, with the magnificent refractor of the Berlin observatory, and quickly discovered a star which was not marked in the observatory chart. As in former instances the planetary nature of the stranger, and the fact that it belongs to the same region of space already assigned to the other asteroids, were quickly established. Encke left the choice of a name with Hencke, who selected the name *Astræa*.

With the discovery of another planet by M. Hencke, in July, 1847, may be said to have begun the long series of additions to the planetary system, which has continued without interruption up to the present time. Not one year has passed without the discovery of at least one asteroid, and in every year, except five, three asteroids and upwards have been detected. In 1852, eight were discovered; in 1857, nine; and in 1861, no less than ten — the largest number ever yet detected in a single year.

There is so little variety in the records of the discovery of asteroids, that it would be extremely wearisome to our readers if we were to give an account of the detection of all or even of many of the asteroids. But some incidents in the progress of discovery have been well worthy of notice.

In some instances, so closely have the heavens been scrutinized by observers in different places, that the same asteroid has been detected independently by two observers within a few days or hours of each other. For instance, Mr. Hind detected Irene on the night of the 19th of May, 1851, and,

four days later, M. Gasparis, of Naples, detected the same asteroid. Within a year, M. Gasparis had his revenge, however. On the 18th of January, 1852, Mr. Hind marked down in the ecliptical chart which he was compiling, with the aid of Mr. Bishop's refractor, at the Regent's Park Observatory, a star of the eleventh magnitude. Cloudy weather prevented him from re-examining this object for exactly two months. On the evening of March 18th, he turned his telescope to the spot which had been occupied by the small star; but the star had vanished. Immediately he instituted a searching scrutiny for the missing object, and would probably soon have detected it. But, while the search was in progress, news came of the discovery of an asteroid, in this particular region of the heavens, by M. Gasparis. Professor Gauss was able to show that this object must on January 18th have occupied the exact place in which Hind had seen a telescopic star. In this case, although Hind had not been able to detect the missing object, he would have been credited with the discovery of a new planet had he missed the star one day earlier. As it was, De Gasparis, having detected the planet on the 17th of March (one day before Hind suspected its planetary nature), is entitled to the credit of the discovery.

The planet, *Amphitrite*, was detected independently by three observers, on three successive days, viz., by Mr. Marth, at the Regent's Park Observatory, on March 1st, 1854; by Mr. Pogson, at Oxford, on March 2nd; and by M. Chacornac, at Marseilles, on March 3rd.

The discovery of the planet *Melese* was attended by circumstances of singular interest. M. Goldschmidt was engaged at Paris in searching for the planet *Daphne*. This planet had been discovered by him in 1856, but was so unfavourably situated at the time of its discovery that only four views were obtained of it, and the true nature of its path remained doubtful. Goldschmidt, making use of a roughly calculated ephemeris of the planet's motion, was scrutinizing the sky for *Daphne*, when he detected a minute star, which presently turned out to be in motion. He announced his discovery, and the planet, which every one supposed to be *Daphne*, was carefully tracked by experienced observers. However, when its orbit was calculated, it became clear that there was some mistake. The planet just discovered had doubtless been very near the place occupied by *Daphne* in 1856, but not at the precise point indicated by M. Goldschmidt's observations. A careful computation soon

placed the matter beyond a doubt. M. Goldschmidt had accidentally discovered a new asteroid.

The reader may wish to know whether Daphne was ever re-discovered. For several years it baffled the skill of astronomers, and remained obstinately hidden. At length, however, Dr. Luther detected it in the year 1862.

Equally singular were the circumstances attending the discovery of the planet Erato. MM. Forster and Lesser, of the Berlin Observatory, having received intelligence of the discovery of the planet Olympia, made a series of observations on a planet which they found in the place indicated. When these observations were published, and compared with those made by other observers, a remarkable discrepancy was observed. On a careful revision of their observations, MM. Forster and Lesser came to the conclusion that they had been unconsciously following the wrong planet; in other words, they had detected a new asteroid.

Something similar happened in the case of the planet Feronia. On May 9, 11, and 12, 1861, Dr. Peters made observations on the planet Maia, which he had discovered a month before. After the 12th, clouds and moonlight interfered for awhile with his observations. On the 29th of May, however, he resumed his labours, and continued to track the planet Maia, as he supposed, for several days. But towards the end of the year, Mr. Safford, of the Cambridge (U.S.) Observatory, in comparing his own observations of Maia with those of Dr. Peters, found that all the latter, after May 29th, were discordant with his own. On a further examination of Peters' later observations, it turned out that he had got on the track of a new planet.

It has happened once, and once only, that the same observer has detected two planets on the same night. On the 19th September, 1857, M. Goldschmidt discovered the planet Doris. As soon as he had convinced himself of its planetary nature, he turned his attention to a star which he had noticed earlier in the evening. He found the star had moved away from its place, and searching for it, quickly detected the planet Pales. The two planets at the time of discovery were separated by a distance equal to about one tenth part of the moon's apparent diameter.

In the week which began on September 14, 1860, no less than four minor planets were discovered.

The honour of adding a new world to the planetary scheme has led many astronomers

to take part in the search for asteroids. It requires some knowledge of astronomy, and especially some practical acquaintance with the details of observatory work, to appreciate the intensity of application, the anxious watching, which are required before one of these minute bodies can be detected. Inexperienced persons are often disposed to imagine that the discovery of a new celestial object is no great feat. They point to the circumstance that it was merely by an accident that Sir W. Herschel detected Uranus, and they add that such an accident ought not to lead us to attach any particular value to an astronomer's work. Perhaps no instance could better serve to illustrate the magnitude of the labours which ordinarily lead up to *accidents* of this sort. Before he detected Uranus, Sir W. Herschel had scrutinized every square degree of the northern heavens, discovering upwards of two thousand new nebulae, and counting, star by star, twenty times as many orbs as are visible, on the clearest night, to the naked eye.

Every asteroid that has been discovered may be looked upon as representing weeks and months of harassing labour. And, therefore, we cannot refuse to assign great credit to those who have been successful in adding to the list of minor planets. It would perhaps be invidious to draw a distinction—nor, indeed, is it very easy to do so. The circumstances under which different astronomers have laboured are so various, that the mere number of planets discovered by each hardly affords satisfactory evidence of the amount of work which each has applied to the search. The astronomer who has actually discovered most of the minor planets is Dr. Luther, who is credited with no less than fifteen. Next comes Goldschmidt with fourteen; then Hind with ten; De Gasparis with nine—and so on.

But the palm for energy and determination in the search for asteroids would doubtless be accorded, as readily by Dr. Luther as by the other astronomers, to the late M. Goldschmidt. The fourteen asteroids discovered by the latter were all detected within a period of 8½ years, whereas 14½ years were occupied by Dr. Luther in the detection of fifteen asteroids. But this is not all. Goldschmidt worked with instruments which most astronomers, and even many amateur observers would regard with contempt. Instead of the magnificent refractors of 7, 8, 10, or even 12 inches aperture, which other observers made use of, he used telescopes of 2, 2½, and 4 inches aperture. Nor were these mounted in the proper manner for observatory-work. The

Rev. R. Main, of the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford, remarks that "none of M. Goldschmidt's telescopes were mounted equatorially, but that in the greater number of instances they were pointed out of a window, which did not command the whole of the sky;" and he adds, that he leaves astronomers to form their own opinion "of that fertility of invention and resource, that steady determination to conquer apparently insurmountable difficulties, the untiring industry, and the never-failing zeal, which realised such splendid results with such inadequate means."

The search for minor planets grows daily more difficult, and nothing but the steady improvement in the construction of telescopes, and the equally steady increase in the number of skilled observers, enables astronomy to record year after year the discovery of several of these minute bodies. The four planets first discovered had an average brilliancy exceeding that of an eighth magnitude star, while the average brilliancy of the ten last discovered falls short of that of a star of the eleventh magnitude. In fact, the majority of the asteroids recently discovered are altogether invisible, even at their brightest, in all telescopes of less than four inches aperture. Thus the days have passed when amateur observers might hope to take part, with small telescopes, in the search for minor planets.

In conclusion, we must remark that modern astronomers do not attach much value to Olbers' theory, that the asteroids are fragments of a shattered planet. If we grant the possibility that a planet might be rent into fragments by some great internal convulsion, or else by collision with some visitant from the interstellar spaces, we seem still to find a difficulty in accepting Olbers' theory. For the careful investigation made by Mr. Newcomb, an American astronomer, into the motions of the asteroids, appears to negative the supposition that these bodies could ever have had orbits intersecting in one point—as would have been the case for some time after the supposed catastrophe. But in reality the great objection to Olbers' theory lies in the nature of the catastrophe itself, not in any of its consequences. If a mass large enough to smash a planet into fragments had ever visited the planetary system, it would have disturbed (by its overpowering attraction) the whole economy of that system; and there should no longer have existed those orderly motions and symmetrical relations which we now admire. On the other hand, there is immense difficulty in

the supposition that internal forces should have produced the effects imagined by Olbers. There is nothing in the analogy of our own earth to warrant the supposition that such a catastrophe is possible. Widespread as the destructive effects of volcanoes and earthquakes may appear to the inhabitants of the disturbed districts, they are in reality of insignificant extent when viewed in relation to the magnitude of the terrestrial globe. The lofty Himalayas, which may be looked upon as the most gigantic known results of subterranean forces, are so minute in comparison with the earth's volume, that they would be scarcely perceptible if figured on the true scale upon a six-foot globe. But we have the clearest evidence that these mountains, and all the large mountain-ranges of the earth, have been due—not to the sudden action of subterranean forces, but to a process of upheaval occupying thousands of years. To conceive, therefore, that forces have existed within another planet, sufficient to scatter its mass into fragments and to propel these forth upon independent orbits, may suit the fanciful theorizer, intent only on finding a ready solution for a perplexing phenomenon—but certainly such a speculation requires much stronger evidence than has yet been forthcoming before more sober reasoners can feel themselves justified in accepting it.

From The Bremen Weser Zeitung, 23 May, 1888.

THE APOLLO BELVEDERE IN A NEW LIGHT.

"THE statue of Apollo is the highest ideal among all the works of antiquity that have escaped destruction." With these words Winckelmann introduced his spirited description of the Vatican Apollo, a description which he desired to lay at the feet of the statue, "like the wreaths of those who could not reach the head of the divinities they would have crowned." At the time Winckelmann thus wrote, the sculpture of the epoch of Phidias, destined to work so substantial a change in the notion of the state of Greek art, was not yet known; and what he said of his favorite statue was the common judgment of his own and of previous times. Since then opinion as to the artistic merit of the Vatican Apollo has assumed quite a different aspect, and from being excessive in praise has of late become often too severe in fault-finding; yet in spite of a multitude of criticisms, in spite of the obscurity of the *motif* represented, the traditional preference for the

Vatican statue has maintained itself. If on account of its numerous defects it could no longer be esteemed a work of the highest order, all the more jealously were its excellences vindicated; amateurs, artists, and the learned in art found it an inextinguishable source of enjoyment as well as occasion for the most serious study, and it may be affirmed that to-day the Apollo Belvedere is still the best known work of ancient statuary. The current decade has brought revelations which have fully insured the understanding of the *motif* represented, and materially advanced the question as to the originality of the statue, and its place in the development of art. It may therefore be appropriate to set forth, briefly and in connection, these revelations, and the results deduced from them by archaeological science.

The Apollo was found in the neighborhood of the harbor of Porto d'Anzo, the ancient Antium. Antium, situated in a charming region on the coast of Latium, was, in the last days of the Republic, a favorite resort of the Roman nobility, and later of the first emperors; flourishing at its height under Nero, who, like Caligula, born here, restored the harbor and embellished the place with palaces and sumptuous villas. The coincidence of many circumstances has made it highly probable that the Apollo was formerly used to adorn a villa of Nero's, perhaps not without reference to that emperor, who loved to compare himself to the Pythian god, and to be portrayed in his image. The statue was secured by Cardinal Julius de Medici and carried to the Palazzo Colonna, but afterwards, when the Cardinal had become Pope Julius II., was set up in the Vatican in the palace Belvedere, from which it has since been commonly called.

It was in a very fair state of preservation, the head—incontestably the finest part—being entirely uninjured; the legs were materially damaged; the fingers of the right hand were lost; the right arm was broken in two places, and lay originally, in its lower portion, somewhat nearer the body; the left fore-arm, from where the mantle rests upon it, was wanting, and like the rest was restored by Montorsoli in 1532.

The god wore at his back a quiver, of which some parts are unquestionably ancient, and Montorsoli accordingly placed in the left hand a piece of a bow, which, as was customary in ancient art, was thus only slightly indicated. Scarcely any other restoration could have appeared possible, and yet it was the beginning of an error which, for more than three centuries, has prevented a true interpretation of the

statue, and could not be dispelled, till the beginning of the present decade, by means of a statue which then became known.

Of course all who have sought to explain the action of Apollo as here exhibited have proceeded on the presumption that he held a bow in his left hand; the majority thinking that the moment immediately succeeding the discharge of the arrow was represented; Anselm Feuerbach alone endeavoring to prove that the god was only on the point of shooting, or at least had the air of just meaning to let fly. The mark was supposed to be the dragon Pytho, or the children of Niobe, or the Eumenides, who, in the pursuit of Orestes, had intruded upon the sanctuary of the god. But all these attempts at explanation could not stand before an unprejudiced criticism of the statue and of the attitude bestowed upon it by the artist. The god's gaze is turned in one direction, his steps in another—a want of unity in the treatment for which no satisfactory hypothesis could be framed from the former interpretations. Moreover the god is represented at a moment when of a sudden he checks a motion which was evidently rapid and continuous, as shown by the backward-bent body and the vertical fall of the mantle. He has not reached the quiet position necessary for shooting, and if he would prepare for it, at least the right hand must make a movement towards the bow, or show traces of an arrow in the same plane with it, neither of which is the case. On the other hand it cannot be assumed that Apollo has already discharged the arrow; for when could that have happened? It is physically impossible to shoot while walking; or had the god perhaps shot before the beginning of the motion, and during this have kept his arms in so unnatural a position?—a position deprived of the necessary unity in so far as the left arm would still be found in the shooting posture, while the right arm had already abandoned it.

There was not a single duplicate of the Vatican Apollo, no statue which would have shed light on its *motif*, and the interpreters saw themselves entirely shut up to the analysis of the statue. Only the French author Pouqueville, who in 1806–1815 was Consul-general at Janina, mentions in his "Journey in Greece" that a certain Dr. L. Frank had been presented by Veli Pasha with an Apollo one-quarter life size, "resembling the Belvedere," a Gorgon-head, and several other objects, of the state of which Pouqueville could give no information.

Not before the year 1860 did the archaeologist Stephani, of St. Petersburg, make

known a statue then in possession of Count Straganoſſi, and purchased in Italy in 1818 or 1819, by the aid of which the problem on which so many critics had exercised their wits in vain, was enabled to be solved in a completely satisfactory manner. It is a statue of Apollo in bronze, sixty centimeters high (about 24 inches), and, with some insignificant differences, completely agrees with the Apollo Belvedere, and leaves not the slightest room for doubt as to the attribute held in the left hand, although in this part it is somewhat damaged. Several particulars make it in a high degree probable that the statuette is identical with the one mentioned by Pouqueville, and was found together with the Gorgon-head, which meantime has been lost, in 1792, at Paromythia in Epirus (thirty miles from Janina).

The attribute in question must be supposed to consist of a yielding substance, as it is tightly pressed together by the hand, and spreads above and below in numerous folds. Evidently it can be nothing else than the ægis.

The ægis originally belonged to Zeus. The thunder-cloud, freighted with all the destructive and terrible manifestations of the powerful ruler of heaven, begot the notion of the ægis, in which the Greek fancy created a symbol of the dread violence of nature: the sight of it excites horror, and brings death and ruin. At first it was conceived as a hairy goatskin, then as a scaly serpent's-skin; later it commonly appears as a Medusa-head, encircled with snakes, and such a one doubtless was not wanting in the lower and evidently broken-off portion of the attribute of our statuette. The Gorgon-head mentioned by Pouqueville in connection with the statue of Apollo was clearly nothing else than the lower half of the ægis.

Apollo borrows the ægis from Zeus, the nature of the former being closely allied with that of the Supreme Deity. We read in Homer (*Iliad*, lib. xv. 229-30), how Zeus commands Apollo to hasten to the relief of the Trojans hard pressed by the Greeks:

Ἀλλὰ σύ γ' ἐν χεῖρεσσι λήβ' αἰγίδα θυσσανόεσσαν,
τῇ, μάλ' ἐπιστείων, φοβέειν ἥρωας Ἀχαιοί.

"Up, now! and bear in your hand the ægis bordered with fringes;
Shake it with might, and so daunt the heroic
Achaïans!"

And further on we read (vv. 318-322):

Ὅφρα μὲν αἰγίδα χερσὶν ἔχ' ὑπέρμα φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός.

Αὐτὰρ, ἐπεὶ κατενώπα ἰδὼν Δαναῶν ταχυνύλων
Σειο', ἐπὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἄνωγε μίλα μέγα, τοῖσι δὲ' θυμὸν
Ἐν στήθεσσι λήεξε, λάθοντο δὲ θυμῶδες ἄλκι.

"While in his hand the ægis at rest held Phoebus Apollo,
Meantime of either host the shafts told — perished the people;
But when he shook it, and glared in the face of the swift-riding Grecians,
Loud-voiced shouting the while, their hearts in their bosoms
Spell-bound he took, and they forgot their turbulent courage."

And here we have the key to the understanding of the two statues. With long and hasty strides the god has hurried along to the opposing lines of battle; for a moment he halts and, still holding the ægis aloft, looks back with an expression of greatness and noble reluctance upon the hosts which lie subjected to the terrible influence of his weapon. In a moment he will continue his victorious course.

There can be no doubt that the artist in the creation of his work was under the influence of the Homeric narrative. This is the only passage in which we find Apollo bearing the ægis, and we have seen how well the whole treatment of the statue agrees with the situation depicted by the poet. Whether the sculptor simply meant to reproduce a moment of the epic story; whether he borrowed from it only the *motif*, in order without a specific allusion to represent the god as a protector in battle; or whether he meant so to exhibit him with reference to a definite event, were questions which were temporarily forced to remain unsolved. A further lucky discovery was to bring an answer even to them.

In the year 278 B. C., a horde of Gauls under the lead of Brennus had fallen upon Macedonia, had outflanked the allied army of the Greeks posted at Thermopylae, and had pressed onward to Delphi. But here the Gauls were compelled to turn about. Lightning, rain, and huge boulders came down from Parnassus, and "the Gallic host was visibly annihilated by the Delphic god and by spirits." According to another account, Apollo had manifested himself as a beautiful youth of superhuman stature, and made known his presence by earthquake, the falling of rocks, storm and hail, which had swept away the enemy. The whole legend is patterned after an older one, which in like manner describes the overthrow of the Persians before Delphi.

Now, in the year 1860, the same in which the bronze statuette became known, an inscription was published at Athens whose importance for the understanding of the

Apollo Belvedere was forthwith recognized and pointed out by Preller. According to the inscription, a festival was appointed in honor of Zeus, the Preserver, and the Pythian Apollo, to commemorate the victory won over the Gauls at Delphi; and Athens was also invited to share in the festival. Therefore the conjecture has great probability that on this occasion a statue of Apollo was set up in his temple as an offering. If, however, there was a desire to represent him as one who had protected the Greeks and his sanctuary from the barbarians by producing extraordinary natural phenomena, he could not well have been carved otherwise than as bearing the *egis*, which is precisely the emblem of overpowering natural forces. And thus for both statues, or their common original, the Homeric description became the model, as formerly an Homeric verse suggested to Phidias the creation of his ideal Zeus.

No doubt, then, can longer exist as to the treatment in which the artist meant to convey the Apollo alluded to; but again, in relation to historic art, with the help of the bronze work several notable results are derivable. Count Straganoff's statue is distinguished from the Vatican, — which in every particular was wrought for effect, and was very probably produced in Nero's time — by simplicity and naturalness, and is evidently the older work. Thereby the question whether the Apollo Belvedere is an original was answered in the negative. That it was copied after the bronze found in a city of Epirus is scarcely credible, and we shall have to admit that both statues were executed after a common original, or, more likely, after different copies of it. Now it has been asserted in many quarters that the original of the Belvedere must have been a bronze work, and in support of this theory, the elegant treatment of the hair and especially of the mantle, that falls down in rich folds over the left arm, has been adduced — a *motif* which, it was said, is very difficult to execute in marble, and only to be explained on the supposition of a bronze original. But we now know an antique duplicate in bronze which lacks exactly that mantle *motif*; one of the few points in which a considerable difference in the two works manifests itself. Thus the comparison of the bronze heightens the credibility of the opinion already based on it, that the presumed original was of marble.

The questions we have touched upon were destined to obtain a substantial furtherance through a third important discovery, whose

significance for the judgment of the Vatican statue was set forth by Dr. Kekulé in a paper read at Rome before the Archæological Institute. In the summer of 1866, to wit, the well-known sculptor Steinhäuser, a native of Bremen, discovered and purchased at a marble-cutter's a marble head, lying amid a heap of rubbish, which bore a surprising resemblance to that of the Apollo Belvedere. Its origin cannot be exactly ascertained, but several circumstances indicate that it was found at Rome. The nose and a portion of the hair were wanting, and the upper lip was somewhat damaged; for the rest, in every particular, such an agreement was displayed with the head of the Apollo Belvedere, that it seemed necessary to believe not that both works were executed after a common original, but that one is a direct copy of the other. However much the Vatican Apollo has been condemned, no one has dared to criticise the head; to it the worshippers of the statue were wont to point when the criticisms and fault-findings became unpleasant. It could not, therefore, but be of the highest interest to be able to compare a second copy, executed in the same material and with like care — two conditions that were not answered by the Straganoff statue. And then it was found that in the newly revealed head all the forms were carved more grandly and simply, more powerfully and freely; the treatment of the shape of the head for the profile view, the outlines of the face, and the figure of the chin, were tokens of genuine Greek art; the Vatican Apollo seemed in comparison a closely executed copy, but with an unmistakable striving after softness and elegance. It has been opportunely conjectured that among the numerous monuments — reckoned at more than five hundred — which Nero took from the Delphic sanctuary, the original of the Vatican statue was brought to Rome. Perhaps we have in the Steinhäuser Apollo a fragment of this original, at least a very faithful reproduction of it, while the Apollo Belvedere is a copy executed in the taste of the early empire for one of the villas of Antium. The composition, which is calculated to be seen from a single point of view, is opposed to the nature of the more ancient art, and therefore it may not be supposed that perhaps the overthrow of the Persians before Delphi, attributed to the interposition of Apollo, soon afterwards occasioned the production of the original; much rather shall we be forced to assign its origin to the time which succeeded the victory over the Gauls.

From The Sunday Magazine.

MADAME DE KRUDENER.

DESCENDED from an ancient German family, Madame de Krudener first saw the light in one of the Russian provinces on the Baltic, but her education was neither German nor Russian, but of that European stamp, assuming a French garb, adopted by many of the nobility of the East, who seek to make up for the want of civilisation at home by travels in the West, and no longer clinging to their native land, or retaining any of its national customs, they succumb to the charms of a brilliant, seductive, and superficial French life.

But the life of Madame de Krudener, though it gives us a glimpse of such frivolities, does not always detain us amidst them. We see how, in communion with simple Christians, she learns to appear in the character of a prophetess before the great ones of the earth, in all the simplicity of the gospel. The conversion of this lady, which happened during the time of the French dominion, attracts us to observe her life more closely from our own point of view; and its importance is still more evident when we find that she obtained great influence over the Emperor Alexander. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz — although from ignorance of the facts he denied that she had any influence upon his sister, Queen Louisa — said of her: — “As for the Emperor Alexander, she had attained such power over him, that the Holy Alliance, which he projected and carried out, must be regarded as the work of this woman.” And E. M. Arndt, when eighty years of age, complained of her power, which, opposed to the more vigorous influence of Stein, appeared to him to be prejudicial to Germany, and only of advantage to France. He wrote: — “I went for a few weeks to my friend Schenkendorf, who was living at Carlsruhe and Baden, as a sort of retainer of Stein’s. I saw at Carlsruhe, but chiefly at Baden and Heidelberg, the Fieldmarshals of the Alexandrian ladies. Who was this Fieldmarshals who gave the word of command to all the rest? She was formerly the most beautiful and celebrated nightingale of the diplomatic salons, Madame de Krudener, who in her youth passed through all the sweets and dangers of salon life, and now as a penitent — as which she proclaims herself to everybody — she considers herself called upon to convert herself and all the world. Although her beauty was on the wane, her eye was still powerful, and she has the fine, elegant, and grace-

ful figure of the women of Poland and Courland.”

To this woman and to Jung Stilling, and to the prophecies with which they appeared before Alexander, Arndt ascribes his forbearance towards the French, and injustice to the Germans. At the time when she began to play her part in the world’s history, and especially in that of Germany, Madame de Krudener was fifty years of age. We must not, however, ignore the history of her previous life, nor how she came to adopt it as her vocation to endeavour to convert people of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest.

Barbara Julie von Wieklinghoff was born in November, 1764, at Riga, in Courland. Her father, who belonged to an ancient family, had revived the sinking fortunes of his house by the riches acquired in industrial pursuits, and was Russian privy councillor and senator. Her mother, the daughter of Marshal Munich, united to the industry of a housewife the tastes of a woman of the world. Barbara Julie was the second daughter; the eldest was deaf and dumb; and they had three brothers, one of whom died early. She grew up amidst the abundance of her father’s house, without any special care being bestowed on her education. Perhaps the best influences of her childhood were derived from those impressions of nature which she received from living in the country, and near the sea. At the age of thirteen that wandering life began for her, which is so critical in its influence upon character. In the summer of 1777, she visited Spa, then the rendezvous of European aristocracy, with her parents. There the chief interest she excited was as an heiress. A residence in Paris during the following winter afforded her all the charms of social life, in which vice concealed itself under attractive disguises; but the only instruction she received was in dancing. In 1778 the family went to England, to pay visits at the country seats of their acquaintances. The French governess spoke her language well, had good manners, and was expert in various useless feminine accomplishments, but could confer no greater benefits upon her pupil. But this did not prevent the latter from exciting universal admiration when she returned to Riga. At sixteen her parents betrothed her to a man whom she did not like. In the anguish of her heart, for the first time she prayed to God. She fell ill, but her recovery was hastened by the news that the gentleman had renounced the engagement. At eighteen she became the bride of Baron Bur-

chard Alexis Constantine von Krudener. He was twenty years older than the bride. He had had the good fortune, among other studies at Leipzig, to hear Gellert's lectures on Morality. Gellert interested himself in him, and he was so industrious that among his fellow students he obtained the nickname of the "scholar." After leaving the university he was *attaché* to the Russian embassy at Madrid. At Paris he made the acquaintance of J. J. Rousseau, and, after a few months' residence at Warsaw, he was entrusted by the Empress Catherine II. with the office of Minister of Courland, which was an important one, as she was endeavouring to incorporate this duchy with Russia. Krudener had already been twice married, and twice divorced. He had a son of nine years of age, who stood in need of a mother, but the girl of eighteen whom he now married was not disposed for anything but worldly amusements. She expected from her husband, as she herself expressed it, all that could entertain her mind and gratify her vanity, even if he could not satisfy her heart. He seriously thought of trying to supply the deficiencies of her education, but it gratified her vanity more to dance, and to be seen at the theatre and in society. In 1784 the young wife bore a son to whom the Grand Duke Paul, afterwards Emperor, stood godfather. In the following year Krudener was appointed ambassador at Venice. His wife delighted in the luxurious idle life in the wonderful city of the sea. One great occupation was furnished by the theatre which the ambassador established in his own house, and in which other distinguished persons took part. Madame de Krudener received many attentions, but at first she did not heed them. She was truly attached to her husband, showed him all manner of little attentions, and when he read to her in the evenings she forgot the book in the reader.

In the spring they went to a charming estate in the country. One sultry day the Baron was out, and the lady was impatient of her solitude. A violent thunderstorm came on, and she became intensely anxious about her husband. Night came on, and, as he did not return, she could not rest. At midnight she sent her attendants to bed, became more and more alarmed, fancied she heard cries for help, and rushed out into the darkness to seek her husband. He soon arrived, and endeavoured to calm her, but reproached her with her terror, saying, "You should have gone to bed; you will kill yourself with this excitability." The words were kindly meant, but they sent a dagger into her heart. "Ah!" she thought,

"in my place he would have gone to bed and to sleep."

To so weak and perverse a thing as the human heart, the idea of "not being understood" was an excuse for future unfaithfulness. A passion that a young man attached to the embassy, Alexander von Stakieff, had conceived for her did not prove a snare to her because he voluntarily banished himself from her presence. After a residence of a year and a half at Venice, Krudener was appointed ambassador at Copenhagen, where after a tour in Italy, he arrived in 1786. In the north, as well as in the south, the theatre was the favourite diversion at the embassy. Von Stakieff again met with Madame de Krudener here, and fled from her again, as he felt that his old passion for her revived with fresh force. He wrote to Krudener: "I honour her for her affection for you. From the moment that you became less dear to her, she would be only an ordinary woman to me, and I should love her no more." Krudener handed the letter to his wife, who was before in total ignorance of the attachment of the fugitive; and, her unconscious success induced her to enter upon the slippery paths of endeavouring to please. Then she was "not understood."

Mental agitation occasioned an illness, and, a confinement occurring soon after, she nearly lost her life. She was ordered to the south of France, and left Copenhagen in May, 1789, and went first to Paris. Here she found the need of more mental culture; she read the best works that French literature afforded, and sought the society of men of taste and science. She lived in the same house with Bernardin de St. Pierre, the author of "Paul and Virginia," and enjoyed the charms of nature in his company; and, while she boasted of her taste for simple pleasures, she contracted a debt, to a celebrated *modiste*, of 20,000 francs.

In December she left Paris, with her children, a governess, and an old professor of medicine; and, after visiting Avignon, they settled down at Montpellier. She next became the leader of fashion at Bâges. She sometimes sat at the gaming-table, and once electrified the guests by her reading of "Paul and Virginia" in the open air. On returning home they expressed regret at being no longer able to enjoy the summer night, and she planned a night-excursion which reminds one of the exuberant spirits of a party of students. On returning to Montpellier, she formed a fatal acquaintance with the Count de Fregeville—a young, handsome, and fascinating officer. Arrangements had been made for returning to Copenhagen, but a thousand hindrances

occurred, and she remained the winter. The Count declared his love. She showed him the door; he threatened to kill himself; and, just as in a bad French novel, a sinful relation ensued. And when the governess, Mademoiselle Piozet, who had kept Madame de Krudener within bounds, was married to a M. Armand, she was entirely without protection. She resolved to go home, but informed the Count of her intention, and he persuaded her that she could not travel without an escort. She had not the will to resist, and he accompanied her on the journey. She had given a false representation of the relation between them to her husband; but the nearer she got to him, the more loudly conscience began to accuse her.

At length they met, and the wife confessed that the sanctity of the marriage tie had been violated. The husband received the announcement with dignified grief. Madame de Krudener prayed for a separation; but her husband would not agree to it, and allowed her to go to Riga to her mother. The Count accompanied her to Berlin, and then rushed into the tumult of war. The sin had made three mortals miserable, and brought about nothing but separation.

With her mother the daughter found as much peace as can be found by a soul not yet sensible of its guilt. She nursed her father on his death-bed, and wrote frequently to Madame Armand, and a desire for the peace of God may plainly be traced in her letters. She wrote: "God has supported me, religion has tempered my bitter grief, and I am more disposed for solitude and seclusion from the world."

At Riga she saw Alexander von Stakieff again. He learnt what had occurred, and, as he had before said, all his interest in her vanished. On receiving this, she began to feel the pangs of remorse. But more than ten years went by before she came as a poor sinner to the feet of the Saviour.

We will not enter into many details of this painful time. She met her husband at St. Petersburg. He received her with forgiving kindness, and she was not wanting in humility. At Berlin, whither she had gone on account of her health in 1792, she met Madame Armand, her best friend; but, not being able to withstand being drawn into society, she retired to Leipzig. In 1794, we find her again at Riga, and in 1796, travelling in Germany and in Switzerland. At Lausanne she shone in the society of the French emigrants.

We pass rapidly over the next few years, passed in Switzerland and Germany, until, in 1800, we find her with her husband in

Berlin,—where he was ambassador,—with the best intentions of living quietly, but again drawn into the vortex of society, and striving to outshine others. But her want of peace within is indicated by such sayings as this;—"People who would be inconsolable if they had brought any real misfortune upon us, think it allowable to inflict all sorts of little annoyances which at last make a mountain more difficult to climb than any real sorrow."

Vanity under a garb of religion is plainly shown by her ascribing all the honours which are accorded to her husband to her return to him, and she considered herself his guardian angel. She says: "I think that God has blessed my husband on account of our re-union. There is no favour or success which has not been granted him. Why should I not believe that such favour is accorded to a pious heart which prays heaven in simplicity and confidence to assist him in striving to attain a higher happiness?"

It would have been very different if this had been the result of sincere Christian zeal, but very much was wanting to make it so. In the summer of 1801, Madame de Krudener went to Töplitz. Her stay there did her so much good mentally and physically, that she thought with terror of returning to Berlin, and informed her husband that she wished to travel in Switzerland, but set off without waiting for his answer. At Geneva she received his letter, and found that he highly disapproved of the journey. "I confess," he wrote, "that I had not feared another separation. You cannot conceal from yourself how prejudicial it is to the happiness and interests of our children, and I tell you with the plainness that our friendship demands, that duty has assigned you a place in the bosom of your family. You appear to think your absence a source of economy, as if keeping up two establishments instead of one could possibly be economical."

At Coppet she met with Madame de Staël, and at Paris formed an intimate acquaintance with Chateaubriand, who sent her a copy of his "*Génie du Christianisme*" two days before it was published, an honour of which she was in the highest degree sensible. These literary acquaintances stimulated her to carry out some literary projects she had herself formed. But in the midst of these occupations, she received the news of the sudden death of her husband of apoplexy, in June, 1802. Here was a fearful chastisement for her neglect of her duties, in order that she might roam about the world at her pleasure. She had been

touched by his wishing for her presence, she had wished to return to him and make his life as happy as she could, but she had postponed the duty so long that death relieved her from it.

She bitterly reproached herself, but was soon again engrossed in frivolity. The more loudly God called to her, the more entirely she appeared to close her ears, until at length mercy took her by storm. After a two months' mourning, she went to Geneva, and thence to Lyons, where she was delighted with the attention she received. Her life at this period is mirrored in her correspondence with Dr. Gay, her Parisian physician. There were no bounds to the praises she bestowed on this man, but then she hoped for a return. Although luxuriating in vain delights at Lyons, she longed to be at Paris. She wished to give the last touches to her romance "Valérie," that it might be published there, but she wished to be summoned, expected, and longed for, and set to work to bring it about. The heroine of a novel she had written, "*La Cabane des Lataniers*," was called Sidonie, under which name she described herself. Dr. Gay was to write an ode to Sidonie, in which he was to say, "Why dwellest thou in the provinces? Why does thy seclusion deprive us of thy graces, and thy mind? Do not thy conquests summon thee to Paris? There alone art thou admired as thou deservest." This was to appear in the Parisian papers. The complacent doctor fulfilled the task to Madame de Krudener's entire satisfaction, and she complied with her own invitation without delay. Her novel appeared in December, 1803. She had taken every possible means to attract attention to it. Devoted friends, journalists, authors, adverse critics, all occupied themselves with it, and still more with the authoress. She drove from *modiste* to *modiste* asking for bonnets, feathers, scarfs, ribbons, and wreaths à la Valérie, and when the serving maidens declared themselves ignorant of the new fashion, she asked them if they had not heard of the novel "Valérie." She had the satisfaction for a short time of being the talk of the day, and could repose on her laurels, while she excused her conduct by saying, "Nothing can be done at Paris without charlatanism." At length she became weary of this folly, and in the spring of 1804, she returned to her mother at Riga. It must be confessed that vanity and self-seeking could scarcely be carried further, and we fully agree with her biographer in the following remarks: "We have hitherto seen Madame de Krudener entirely engrossed with

self-love and the cultivation of her charms, seeking nothing but herself, and therefore ever widening her distance from God. If she turns to Him for a moment, it is only from weariness and disgust, not from love to Him, or repentance. She has no idea of self-denial, of bearing her cross, of following Jesus. Instead of denying herself, she made self her only object, and instead of bearing the cross, she wished to be rid of every burden. She sometimes tries to raise her thoughts to God, but rather from pride than humility. If she makes the experiment of exchanging frivolous amusements for spiritual joys, it is only because, degraded in her own eyes, she thinks by this course to attain to a higher happiness and dignity. In a word, literary success, the tumult of passion, her religious flights, were nothing but varying forms of the same worship to which she devoted all her powers, and in which she herself was temple, worshipper, and idol."

"If sin abounded, grace did much more abound." This was to be the experience of Madame de Krudener. One day she arose as usual, weary and melancholy, and filled with indolent repentance for the past. As she was watching from her window the autumn clouds floating slowly over the plain, a nobleman passed by, one who among the crowds of her admirers had been a special object of her coquetry. He greeted her, then tottered and fell down in a fit of apoplexy before her eyes, and was taken up dead. It was a terrible shock to her. Her thirst for adulation appeared to her as the greatest folly, as the greatest provocation to God, to whom alone worship belongs. She was seized with such a terror of death that in the morning she said, "Would God it were evening!" and in the evening, "Would God it were morning!" and she dared not cross the threshold of the house. To this state succeeded a death-like apathy. About this time a shoemaker waited upon her in compliance with her orders. She allowed him to take the measure without looking at him, but on his asking some question, she took her hand from before her eyes. His cheerful countenance seemed a reproach to her depression; she answered him shortly, and relapsed into melancholy, but before long she said to him, "My friend, are you happy?" "I am the happiest of men," was the answer. She said nothing, but the tone of his voice and his beaming look haunted her so that she could not sleep.

She said to herself, "He is happy, the happiest of men, and I am the most miserable of mortals." She could not rest till she

had sought him out. He was a Moravian, and with the simplicity which is characteristic of the sect, he preached Christ to her, the crucified and risen One, not in the words that man's wisdom teacheth, but with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. She felt that she was loved, and in place of the avenging God before whom she trembled, she saw Him who died for sinners. With all the fervour of a forgiven sinner, she loved Him who first loved her. After first tasting of the peace of God among the Moravians, she constantly associated with these simple Christians, and found amongst them what she could not find amidst the most brilliant circles of the world.

She wrote to her friend: "O my dear Armand, pray, pray like a child if you are not yet in this blessed state, pray and entreat for this mercy which God grants us for the sake of his dear Son's love. It will sustain you, and make you feel that man can be happy neither in this world nor in the next without the faith that salvation is only to be had through Him. Religious truth is most simple and sublime, but human pride prefers to rely upon its own pride, to humbling itself, and how can man comprehend everything? 'Ask, and it shall be given you,' says the Saviour, 'seek, and ye shall find.' Pray, with an honest heart, and everything will become clear to you. Penetrated with these great truths, my heart has gone out towards you, and I have asked that this peace of the soul, this glorious heritage, may be yours. My dear Armand, you have not sinned as I have; I have suffered shipwreck on a thousand shoals, but we all have need of the mercy of God."

"*En peu d'heures Dieu labeure,*" is a French proverb. Madame de Krudener had experienced a great change, all her powers had received a fresh stimulus. All the warmth and ardour of her nature, for a time extinguished by her melancholy, returned to her sanctified by religion. In her mother's salons, instead of seeking to gratify her own vanity, she acknowledged her Lord, avoided worldly society, and often visited the Moravians. A great part of her time was devoted to reading the Bible, and much of the rest to correspondence in which she proclaimed her Saviour, with the praise and gratitude of a pardoned sinner. And this peace in her soul was accompanied by Christian conduct. She introduced method into the arrangement of her time, her money, and her estate. As her health was not good, in the summer of 1806 she was ordered to Wiesbaden. On her return she met Queen Louisa at Königsberg. Both

had been led to the Saviour, but by very different paths. The Queen, who had been brought to a sense of a sinful nature without having fallen into any special sins, and Madame de Krudener, who had gone through so much sad experience of sin, now found each other acknowledging the same blessed name, and practising the same charity at the bed-sides of the soldiers in the hospitals. The intimacy which was formed at this time was a lasting one. Madame de Krudener went from Königsberg to Dresden, visited the Moravians at Kleinwelke, Herrnhut, and Berthelsdorf, and then went to the south of Germany in order to make the acquaintance of Jung Stilling.

She arrived with her daughter and step-daughter at Carlsruhe. There she found Stilling, and enjoyed in his family the peace of a Christian household. While the venerable man was initiating her into the relations between the spirit world and the inhabitants of earth, she could not withdraw entirely from the society of the court. She visited the sick and poor, and the palaces of the great. Among these were the Margravine of Baden, mother of the Empress of Russia, her daughters, the Queens of Bavaria and Sweden, the grand Duchess of Hesse, and the Duchess of Brunswick, and she often saw Queen Hortense, the wife of Louis Bonaparte. When at length for the sake of quiet she retired into Württemberg, she was placed under the surveillance of the police, on account of her intercourse with the Moravians and other Christian friends; her letters were intercepted, and she returned to Carlsruhe.

The pastor Baumeister at Berthelsdorf had said to her, when he heard of her intention of visiting Stilling, "Tell Stilling from me, that I beg that he will not invoke you as a saint." If in her intercourse with Stilling she was preserved from imagining herself to have a special vocation in the kingdom of God, she was soon led to think so by another acquaintance. There was at that time a pastor at St. Marien (aux Mines), Frederic Fontaine, who belonged to a Prussian Huguenot family. He was already well known for his Christian zeal, his devotion to the poor and the special answers he had received to prayer, when he formed an acquaintance with Mary Kummer, an ecstatic peasant, who, when in her ecstasies, prophesied and prayed in language far above her education. She had foretold the visit of Madame de Krudener, and when she arrived the pastor greeted her with the words, "Art thou she that should come, or do we look for another?" And the prophetess foretold a high vocation for her, in which

she was to be supported by Fontaine. Her long adhesion to this self-interested prophetic, and to Fontaine, whose interested motives were also pretty evident, must be ascribed to the enthusiastic nature of Madame de Krudener; but it seems like a relapse into the old paths, only under a guise of spirituality. She allowed the prophecies of Mary Kummer to decide whether she should remain in a place or go away, and she was once induced by her to buy an estate in Bonigheim in Würtemberg, and to found a Christian colony there. In the beginning of 1809 she went there with Mary Kummer. Crowds of people flocked to them, until King Frederic, annoyed by the prophesying, had the house surrounded with *gendarmes*, and Kummer sent to prison. Madame de Krudener was then compelled to leave Würtemberg, and returned to Baden, where she was cordially received by the Grand Duchess Stephanie. Aristocratic society was entertained by her conversation and narrations. They were interesting and piquant, although they surpassed the standard of piety which was tolerated in the world; and when, while wandering in the evenings among the ruins of the *Schloss*, the lady related stories of visions and spiritual appearances, the hearers were seized with a not unpleasant awe. When Mary Kummer was released from prison she also came to Baden, and her prophetic spirit was not silenced. The life of Madame de Krudener was divided between outward difficulties and spiritual delights; but she found a powerful antidote to the difficulties of life in the tranquillity which she found in the writings of St. Theresa, Fénelon, and Madame Guion. After their example she cultivated pure, self-denying love. "This love," she wrote, "must burn to ashes all that is impure, personal, and selfish in our hearts. It is opposed to all self-seeking, and considers it as robbing God. It wishes to receive everything from God, in order to give all to Him again. It renders us capable of the most heroic sacrifices, and effects in us a devotion to our brethren like that of Jesus Christ. . . . Our Judge is still crucified in his members. His instruments are despised and persecuted — they are mocked by every one, and not even acknowledged by many true Christians. They are a small remnant, who seek nothing for themselves, but they are very dear to their Divine Shepherd. The divine love with which they are filled causes them to be accused of fanaticism, but it is a proof of their greatness and noble origin."

Among the sufferings which she had to endure in consequence of this devotion to her Saviour, was estrangement from her

mother. She no longer wrote to her daughter, who often pictured her brooding in solitude over her ingratitude. She resolved to go to her, and in August, 1810, arrived at Riga. It deeply grieved her to find her mother still engrossed in worldly amusements, and she and her friends the Moravians prayed all the more earnestly for her soul. In January she died of apoplexy, after many times exclaiming, "Jesus, dear Jesus." In November, 1811, summoned by Mary Kummer, Madame de Krudener returned to Baden. On her way she promulgated the doctrine of pure love at Königsberg, Breslau, and Dresden. She found Fontaine settled as pastor in the neighbourhood of Carlsruhe, and again gave herself up to his influence. In consequence of the invitation of numerous friends she went to Switzerland, and thence, in 1812, to Strassburg, to visit her son, who was Secretary of the Embassy. There she found, as prefect, the Count de Lezay-Marnezia, with whom and his lady she enjoyed refreshing intercourse. They had been acquainted at Montpellier and Barèges, and the Count was not a little astonished at the change which had taken place in Madame de Krudener, and she had no more ardent wish than to lead him to Christ.

A visit they paid to Oberlin at Steinthal made a salutary impression upon the Count, and a few weeks later Madame de Krudener was able to write: — "We have had the happiness of seeing the Count praying in the midst of us, on his knees before the Saviour of the world. You may imagine what a sensation this has produced. He is pre-eminent in rank, in importance, in character, and in virtues, and this distinguished man is now thoroughly humbled and as teachable as a little child. He is now truly great; he is a Christian, a worshipper of the true God, and of Jesus Christ, the crucified. O, adore Him, adore Him!"

Next she went to Geneva, to visit Madame Armand — a visit which had great influence upon her future life.

It is well known that the doctrines of rationalism had taken firm hold in the city of Calvin. Even a society of the Moravians which had long existed there now only numbered five members. Since 1810, these, with other friends of the Bible, had been in the habit of assembling for prayer. Out of this, at the instigation of M. Bost, arose a meeting for reading the Scriptures, which was attended by some young students of theology, among whom was a young man named Empyataz. In the year 1810 he had been greatly affected by the death of his father, and through the teaching of one of

the Moravian brethren he had attained to faith and peace. The meetings of the "friends" were discontinued in consequence of the opposition of the ecclesiastical authorities, but the society of the brethren increased, and Empaytaz and a friend of his, Guers, who were attached to them, endeavoured to advance the kingdom of God by teaching in a Sunday-school. In consequence of this the "Venerable Company" (the ecclesiastical authorities) informed the father of Guers that if his son continued to associate with the brethren he could not be admitted to orders.

Just at this juncture Madame de Krudener arrived at Geneva. She stayed with Madame Armand, who already kept up intercourse with the brethren and took part in their religious re-unions. Empaytaz, who was assailed on all sides by advice not to ruin his ecclesiastical prospects by connecting himself with the brethren, was encouraged by Madame de Krudener to endeavour to assemble the people of God in Geneva. In September, 1813, they together openly established a meeting. In October Madame de Krudener was obliged to return to Carlsruhe, but she wrote letters to him and to the congregation full of ardent Christian eloquence.

"O, dear friends," she wrote, "the storm is approaching, the earth trembles under our feet, nation is rising against nation, and the chastisements of a just God are proclaimed in characters of blood. Woe to us if we do not read them aright. Woe to us if our conversion is not complete. O, my best-beloved friends, I invite you to come to the cross. The voice to which you have not disdained to listen, the voice of a poor sinner whose hopes are based upon these words of life, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' adjures you to unite in prayer with her that Christ will grant us that we may live to Him alone. She adjures you to keep up the meetings faithfully; not to listen to human reasonings; to pray daily to a merciful God that the number of souls saved may be daily increased. She entreats you to remember the wretched, the dying, the widows and orphans. She adjures you to pray, to pray without ceasing, to implore that sinners may be converted, to pray that God will guide those youths who are preparing themselves for the ecclesiastical office, that they may become champions of the truth of the Gospel, to pray Him to enlighten those who are in error, to strengthen the weak, to bless the young missionary whom God in his goodness has sent to us. And now I entreat you to pray for me, the most unworthy servant of the Lord, and

who prays you in tears and upon her knees to remain faithful to Christ, and to pray that I may practise the virtues which I preach, which indeed I am not worthy to preach, but God my Saviour is witness that I long to possess them and to glorify Christ the Crucified. I embrace you, and throw myself with you on the holy bosom of Jesus."

After Madame de Krudener left Geneva, the storm began to break over Empaytaz. He was called upon to decide between giving up either his theological career or the religious meetings. On the 3rd of June, 1814, the "Venerable Company" informed him that if he continued to attend the meetings he would be excluded from the ecclesiastical office; and the pulpits were already closed against him. He then left Geneva.

Meantime Madame de Krudener stayed some time at Basle, where she found an attractive sphere of labour. She took part in the efforts of some zealous Christians to spread the word of God. It was distributed among the soldiers, who read it eagerly. Everywhere there were anxious souls whom the troubles of war had made susceptible to the message of mercy. From Basle she went to Carlsruhe. Thence she wrote to Empaytaz, to encourage him to remain steadfast, and invited him to meet her at Steinthal, to visit Oberlin. He arrived there before her. The great events of the time had given her abundant work to do, both amongst the humble and the great. People crowded to her from all quarters, and she scattered seeds of comfort among them from the word of God.

In September she arrived at Steinthal, and, under the peaceful roof of the venerable Oberlin, she and Empaytaz enjoyed some precious hours, employed in the study of the Scriptures and in labour amongst the people. But she was soon called from this placid yet active life, by the news that Count Lezay, while going to meet the Duke de Berri, had been killed by being thrown from his carriage.

She and her daughter and Empaytaz hastened to the widow at Strasburg. The prefect had died a Christian's death, full of love and prayerful repentance, and in humble faith.

The visit to Strasburg was taken advantage of to hold religious meetings, which were conducted by Empaytaz, and Madame de Krudener conversed with individuals in private. In November she went to Carlsruhe, where she daily assembled the Protestant and Catholic clergy around her, that they might be edified together.

The great fatigue occasioned by the course to her of so many anxious souls induced her to go to Baden, because she could have more quiet there. She was accompanied by her daughter, Empaytaz, and Franz von Berckheim—a young man, who, a short time before, had given up a public appointment in Mayence in order to follow a course, under the guidance of Madame de Krudener, in which he could work out his own salvation and advance the kingdom of God. Every three hours they desisted from their employments in order to unite in prayer. In fine weather, they mounted the hills, reading the psalms as they walked; and when the hour of prayer arrived, they performed their devotions in the open air.

The time spent at Baden was a refreshing and happy one. While there, she received a command by revelation—so says her biographer—to go to a mill at Schluchtern, in Electoral Hesse, to await a meeting with the Emperor Alexander. A revival had taken place in the neighbourhood. The writings of Jung Stilling, and some others, had caused such an excitement among the people, that whole communities were thinking of selling their possessions and going to the foot of the Caucasian mountains to await the return of the Jews to the Promised Land. With the assistance of Berckheim and other good men, Madame de Krudener tried to turn them from such fanatical projects.

She was in full activity here in the spring of 1815, when she was suddenly called to carry the message of peace to the Emperor of the East. Ever since Madame de Krudener's intercourse with Mary Kummer, a desire for the spirit of prophecy had been awakened in her; and the great events happening around her, as well as her own spiritual development, conspired to increase it. She had formerly willingly suffered herself to be guided by the peasant-prophetess: she now tried to produce an effect upon national events by her own predictions. Of three things she was confident—that after the first peace of Paris, new storms must burst over Europe; that God had assigned a great part, during the period of them, to the Emperor Alexander; and that she would be called, when the right moment came, to appear before him with a message of mercy for the purification and building-up of his own soul.

At Carlsruhe she became acquainted with Roxandra von Sturza, one of the ladies of the court of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, and had led her nearer to the Saviour. Through a correspondence with her, the

voice of this indefatigable woman penetrated into the cabinet of the Emperor at Vienna, perhaps even, indirectly, into the councils of the Congress. That Alexander—to whom, in 1812, the word of God had struck home—whom the wonderful successes of 1813 had incited to give the praise to God—who, in 1814, had shown himself a magnanimous Christian ruler—should give himself up to the dissipation and frivolity of Vienna during the Congress, was to Madame de Krudener a bitter grief. She could not get rid of the idea that she had a mission to him. Soon after the opening of the Congress, in October, 1814, she wrote to Mademoiselle de Sturza:—"Judgment is approaching; it is at hand. We are standing upon a volcano! We shall now see guilty France chastised,—which, in accordance with the Divine decree, on account of the cross given it to bear, has hitherto been spared. Christians must not inflict punishment; and that man alone whom the Eternal has chosen and consecrated—the man whom we are so happy as to call our sovereign—can give us peace. But the storm will soon burst. These lilies, which the Eternal had protected—symbols of purity and fragility, which were crushed by an iron sceptre because it was the will of the Eternal—these lilies, which should have been a call to purity and to the love of God and to repentance—have appeared only to vanish away; and the people, more hardened than ever, dream only of tumult. . . . You would like to tell me of the many great and beautiful traits in the character of the Emperor. I think I know a good deal about him already. I have known for a long time that the Lord will give me the pleasure of seeing him. . . . I have great things to say to him, for much has been communicated to me concerning him. The Lord alone can prepare him to listen to it. But I do not disturb myself about it. It is my part to be without fear and without reproach: it is his to lie at the feet of Christ, who is Truth. May the Eternal guide and bless him who is called to so high a mission!"

Mademoiselle de Sturza, hastened to communicate the predictions contained in this letter to the Emperor, who, favourably inclined to the missionary zeal of Christian ladies from his acquaintance with the Quakers in England, always very susceptible to feminine influence, and specially interested in a lady who felt herself called upon to lead him out of the world to a lofty mission, ardently desired to make her acquaintance.

There was one advantage for Alexander in the return of Napoleon, that it took him away from the enervating atmosphere of the Vienna Congress. The change did not at first suit him. He was depressed. The remembrance of the life that he had led after experiencing the drawings of God's love, the responsibility which he felt to rest upon him with respect to the destinies of nations, and accusing and excusing thoughts, produced a melancholy state of mind. He received the honours that were paid him in Bavaria with repugnance, and arrived at his head-quarters at Heilbronn. After a day of wearisome festivities, he retired early to the solitude for which he was longing. He wrote afterwards to a friend: "At length I breathed freely, and the first thing I did was to take up a book which I always carry about with me; but in consequence of the dark cloud which rested upon my mind, the reading made no impression upon me. My thoughts were confused, and my heart oppressed. I let the book fall, and thought what a comfort conversation with some pious friend would be to me. This idea brought you to mind, and I remembered what you had told me of Madame de Krudener, and the desire that I had expressed to you to make her acquaintance. I wonder where she is now, and whether I shall ever meet with her. No sooner had this passed through my mind than I heard a knock at the door. It was Prince Wolkonsky, who said, with an air of the greatest impatience, that he was very sorry to disturb me at so unseasonable an hour, but that he could not get rid of a lady who was determined to see me. He said that her name was Madame de Krudener. You may imagine my amazement. I thought I must be dreaming, and exclaimed, 'Madame de Krudener! Madame de Krudener!' This sudden response to my thoughts could not be accidental. I saw her at once, and she addressed such powerful and comforting words to me, that it seemed as if she had read my very soul, and they calmed the storm which had been assailing me."

The bearer of divine messages drew aside the veil from the Emperor's mind; she told him of his sins, of the frivolity and pride with which he had entered on his mission. "No, your Majesty, you have not yet approached the God-Man as a sinner praying for mercy. You have not yet received mercy from Him who alone can forgive sins upon earth. You are yet in your sins, and have not humbled yourself before Jesus. You have not yet cried out like the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sin-

ner,' and therefore you have no peace. Listen to the voice of a woman who was a great sinner, but who has found pardon at the foot of the cross."

The Emperor shed tears and hid his face in his hands. Madame de Krudener apologized for her earnestness. "No," he exclaimed, "go on; your words are music to my soul." Three hours passed in conversation of this nature, and the Emperor implored Madame de Krudener not to forsake him. He felt that no one had ever before so touched his conscience, and unveiled the truth to him. Alexander went on to Heidelberg, and took a small house there, to which he was attracted by a cross in the garden. He invited Madame de Krudener to come there, and she hired a little cottage on the banks of the Neckar, where the Emperor spent every other evening. He selected chapters in the Bible for reading, and the conversation was often kept up till two o'clock in the morning. Empaytaz took part in these meetings. It was certainly a singular spectacle to see the Autocrat of all the Russias humbly suffering himself to be guided in the way of peace by the young Genevan; to see how he confessed his weaknesses, and related his spiritual experience. Then Empaytaz would kneel down and pray, and the Emperor would grasp his hand and say, with tears in his eyes, "O how I feel the power of brotherly love which unites all the disciples of Christ! Yes, your prayers will be heard, and it will be given me from above to confess my Saviour openly before men."

During the important days preceding the battle of Waterloo, Alexander and his friends were reading the Psalms, and conversing on the words of the king of Israel upon the events of his own life. When news of the victory arrived, they threw themselves upon their knees. After the prayer, the Emperor exclaimed, "O how happy I am! my Saviour is with me! I am a great sinner, but He will employ me to give peace to the nations. O how happy might they be, if they would only understand the ways of Providence, and obey the Gospel!"

The Emperor went to Paris, and invited Madame de Krudener to follow him. She employed the last few days of her stay at Heidelberg in carrying the Gospel to some condemned prisoners, and she had the pleasure of giving her daughter her blessing on her marriage with Herr von Berckheim. In July she went to Paris, where the Emperor assigned her a dwelling where he could readily visit her, and the meetings

of Heidelberg were continued, though perhaps not quite with the same simplicity as in the cottage there. Empaytaz, Berckheim and his lady, and the Countess de Lezay, took part in them.

Madame de Krudener, who, eleven years before, had played a very different part at Paris, had to go through evil report and good report, but she found abundant opportunity for promoting religious revivals after her own manner. There was divine service every evening at seven o'clock in her spacious, but plainly-furnished, salon. She took her place among the listeners, always dressed in black or brown. Empaytaz prayed and expounded a portion of Scripture.

Fontaine and Mary Kummer also came to Paris. She prophesied, and announced a prediction for the following day. While she was waiting for the spirit in Madame de Krudener's house, the Emperor came. She addressed him, and the sum and substance of her communication was to ask him to provide funds to establish a religious community at Weinsberg. He had then seen enough of the prophetess, and Madame de Krudener also became tired of her. Two days afterwards she and Fontaine returned to Rappenhoff.

The Emperor's confidential relations with Madame de Krudener attracted a number of people belonging to the best society to her simple salon. She was so occupied that she had scarcely time to eat. With every one she conversed of the one thing needful. Heaps of letters covered her table, and though formerly so fond of advocating her Saviour's cause by correspondence, she could find no time to answer them. She visited schools and prisons, and in the evenings Alexander came to her house with his Bible under his arm. It suited his peculiar character to yield himself entirely to her influence. As he had required the presence of Stein, and allowed himself to be entirely guided by him when it was necessary to exert to the utmost his moral powers in opposing Napoleon, so now he could not be satisfied unless his monitor to repentance, Madame de Krudener, was near at hand.

Before Alexander left Paris, he was very desirous of making a public confession of faith. He wished to acknowledge the Gospel which he had adopted as the guide of his life, as the law also of his political course. It was the wish of his heart to bring his allies to join him in this acknowledgment, and to give permanence in a "Holy Alliance" to the resolutions to which they had been impelled during the

last three years by the wonderful dealings of God. History ascribes the first idea of the Holy Alliance both to the Emperor Alexander and to King Frederick William. Eylert dates its birth from the time of the first unfortunate battles in the spring of 1813. He says that Alexander related to him that at that period, when retreating towards Silesia, the king and he rode for some time side by side in silence. It was broken by the king with the words "This cannot go on; we are going towards the east when we ought to be going towards the west. We shall accomplish it by God's help, but when He does, as I hope He will, bless our united efforts, we will make known our conviction to all the world, that the honour is due to Him alone." Alexander agreed, and gave the king his hand in ratification of the compact. It has, however, been shown, that the carrying out of the idea belongs to the Emperor after the second entry into Paris, and it is certain that his friendship with Madame de Krudener, and the religious zeal which she awakened in his mind, gave the decisive impulse to it. The practical results of the Holy Alliance were, perhaps, insignificant; indeed, this attempt to combine religion with politics wrought confusion; but it was a powerful testimony to the religious awakening which took place in the hearts of rulers.

After Alexander had accomplished this project, and given Madame de Krudener a warm invitation to St. Petersburg, he left Paris. She had no hope of being soon able to follow him thither, but she did not remain much longer at Paris. During the last few days of her stay there she had one of those joys which are shared by the angels in heaven. She received indisputable evidence that an old friend of her gay days and literary vanity, and whose admiration she had courted, had begun a life in God. On receiving some touching verses which he had sent her with the motto of St. Bernhard, "O beata solitudo, O sola beatitudo," she burst into tears and fell upon her knees, exclaiming, "O my God, his heart still lives, and lives for thee."

After Madame de Krudener left Paris in October, 1815, a life began for her which must possess great interest for every friend of the kingdom of God; but as it is not so immediately connected with our subject, we shall pass rapidly over it. She went to Switzerland. Wherever she went multitudes of people who felt their need of salvation crowded round her, everywhere she testified of her Saviour to the sinner with the wonderful power derived from a per-

sonal experience of divine mercy. Wherever she went she excited awakening and stir among the people; but the singularity and fanaticism of her proceedings, her presumption in denouncing woes upon the countries where her divine mission was not immediately acknowledged, induced the secular powers to put police regulations in force against her. Like a princess in the realms of piety, addressed as "gracious lady" by thousands of people who came to her for help, surrounded by a sort of spiritual court, attended by Empaytaz and her son-in-law, and sometimes by Professor Lachenal of Basle, but more often by Kellner, formerly a post-master, a man who was entirely devoted to her, and inclined to every sort of fanaticism, she travelled from place to place — now persecuted, now hailed with acclamation.

In conjunction with Kellner, Spittler, and Empaytaz, she founded a tract society at Basle. She then went to Berne, whither she had been invited by her son, who was Russian ambassador to the Swiss confederation. But the effect produced by her preaching was so great that the police were frightened, and even respect for the embassy could not secure her a peaceful residence there; she was therefore requested in the politest terms to leave the city. She had more success at Basle. There was daily service at the hotel where she was staying; there was singing and prayer, and Empaytaz preached, and the concourse was so great that the largest room in the hotel would not hold the people. Large crowds were constantly assembled in the streets, which excited the alarm of the police. There were frequent conversions; not only girls and women, but strong men also succumbed to the power of divine grace. Lachenal, professor of philosophy, went to one of the meetings out of mere curiosity to hear what it was that these people were preaching, and his philosophy melted away like a morning cloud before the simple preaching of the gospel by Empaytaz. He gave his life, his time, his property at once to God. A Roman Catholic priest who had followed Madame de Krudener from Berne, returned with the remark, "I came here with a pope, but I am going away without one." At length she was driven away from Basle. A pious farmer on the border of the territory of Baden offered her his country house at Hörnlein. Madame de Krudener and her party took up their abode there, living in the simplest possible manner till April, 1816. The concourse of people was tremendous. Some few men of education were among them, but it was

principally the country people who flocked to hear the preaching of Christ. On the journey she made the acquaintance of Pestalozzi. It is well known that this man was inspired by the sincerest love for the people, although he had not clear spiritual views of the great source of love in the mercy of God. The singing, praying, and preaching during the journey on which Pestalozzi accompanied the party appeared to him so delightful that he found it difficult to separate from his new friends. At Aarau the concourse of people began again. The well-known Roman Catholic missionary, Joseph Wolf, was among her hearers, and was confirmed in his Protestant tendencies. By degrees the whole canton, so to speak, flocked to hear her. Just as the authorities were thinking of putting a stop to the meetings, she accepted an invitation to Schloss Liebegg, and her stay there was like a festival for the people in the neighbourhood. On her return to her son and daughter at Hörnlein she proclaimed free mercy to the pilgrims to Einsiedeln. A woman of ninety-four, who was making the pilgrimage for the fiftieth time, to whom Madame de Krudener announced the message of mercy, threw away her rosary, exclaiming, "It is done, it is done! My sins are forgiven. Jesus has saved me!"

About this time famine began to be felt. Madame de Krudener sold all her possessions. Her jewels alone fetched 30,000 francs, which, together with the income she received from Russia, she devoted to feeding the poor. Her friends also denied themselves for the same purpose. At Unterholz a *gendarme* was stationed at her door to see that she only gave away food, and did not preach, but she quietly continued her work.

The authorities at Baden also endeavoured to silence her by means of *gendarmes*, but finding it useless, they sent to her a corporal distinguished for his severity. In the midst of his maltreatment of the poor, Madame de Krudener pierced him with the arrow of the grace of Christ: he fell upon his knees and prayed with her, and the lion became a lamb. The attacks of the police of Baden and Switzerland continued, and sometimes provoked the people to acts of violence. A number of poor people who were living in Professor Lachenal's house at Unterholz were turned out as if they had been criminals, with Empaytaz at their head, and when Madame de Krudener was seeking a little peace at Hörnlein there arose a vehement controversy about her in the newspapers. Wherever she went the people flocked to her; those hungering

after righteousness as well as those suffering from physical hunger, cold, and nakedness, and all were relieved, notwithstanding the persecution of the authorities. After she had drunk the cup of insult and scorn to the dregs without a murmur, only imbibing fresh strength from it to persevere in her life of love, she was banished from Hörnlein and Unterholz.

In the beginning of May, 1817, she went to Warmbach, and, driven thence, to Rheinfelden, where she was mobbed by the people, not seeking help, but incensed that she had helped others, and she would have been murdered if the police had not come to her aid. After staying a few days at Möhlin, she went to Mungtz, everywhere followed by crowds of people, among whom she distributed the provisions which Lachenal sent after her. In a few weeks she spent 100,000 francs on the poor. From Mungtz she wished to go to Canton Argau, but was forbidden by the government; then she went through Laufenburg to Aarau; but the following day she was conducted to the frontier by *gendarmes*.

At length she met with a friendly reception at Lucerne. The same scenes were repeated, but, besides the common people, the priests and pupils at the seminary flocked to hear her. In an address to them, which has been preserved, with wonderful eloquence and knowledge of the subject she sketches a picture of a faithful pastor, points out how a man may become one, and relates some particulars of the life of John Tauler. But an encomium on Madame de Krudener, in comparison with the clergy, which appeared in the public prints, incited the authorities to take steps to put a stop to the assemblies, which for several successive days had been attended by three thousand people, and, warned to leave the place, she went to Zurich. Her arrival there had been announced some weeks before by a somnambulist, and the crowds that flocked to her were so great that, in spite of the remonstrances of Antistes Hess, she was only allowed to remain twenty-four hours, and was conducted by *gendarmes* to Lofstätt. Here she was visited by Maurer from Schaffhausen, who has left a very interesting description of his meeting with her. George Müller also visited her, and candidly expressed his doubts to her about her mission, but was convinced that, though not free from error, her sole desire was to advance the kingdom of God. It is painful to see how she was driven from place to place during the next few weeks. The famine was fearful; all feelings of humanity were quenched by it;

thousands were wandering about in the fields and woods, seeking for weeds to appease their hunger. As long as Madame de Krudener had anything to give she gave it, but at the same time she offered the people the bread of life; and under the influence of the fearful times she admonished them to be converted, and proclaimed the approach of judgment with prophetic zeal, and this it was which caused her to be conducted by *gendarmes* from one country to another. After being driven out of Switzerland, she hastened through Würtemberg to Baden, where she found rest for a few days at Freiburg, in the Breisgau. While there she was ordered to return to Russia, with permission to take with her Kellner and her daughter, whose husband had preceded them in order to make arrangements for the colonists for the Caucasus from south Germany and Switzerland. Empaytaz and his mother, and Madame Armand, went to Geneva; Lachenal and his wife had already been ordered to return home by the police at Basle. Weary with her labours, Madame de Krudener travelled through Würtemberg and Bavaria to Saxony, always under the surveillance of the police, as if she had been a prisoner of state. At Weimar she met her friend Mademoiselle de Sturza, and she enjoyed rest for a few days among the Moravian Brethren at Neudietendorf. She then went to Leipzig, where after a few days the authorities forbade any one to visit her. She would have been glad to spend the winter at Dessau in order to recruit her health, but she was conducted to Eilenberg, and thence to Lübben. Here, in the presence of a commissary of the police, she was permitted to hold a meeting, and took the opportunity of refuting some of the erroneous opinions which had been circulated about her.

At Mitau the police tormented her by preventing Kellner from accompanying her any further, and sending away other persons in her suite. She spent some time with her brother at Jungfernbof, and at length arrived at her estate at Kosse, where she assumed the office of spiritual mother to the people. While there, during her solitary walks on the shores of the lake, she composed numerous hymns of a somewhat mystical character. She was joined by her daughter and her husband, and Herr von Berckheim has given a lively description of the labours of his mother-in-law among the Esthonians. During her residence there, news of the revolution in Greece, in 1820, reached her, and she hailed it with inspiring songs. Not long afterwards she received

tidings that her son-in-law, who had gone with his wife to visit the Princess Anna Galitzin near St. Petersburg, was seriously ill, and she ardently wished to go to him. She received the Emperor's permission in January, and was soon with her children. Amid many fervent prayers, her son-in-law recovered.

All those within the borders of the rigid Greek Church in whose minds a certain mysticism had been the means of cherishing religious life, were attracted to visit the celebrated lady. And since the conversion of Alexander, through the circulation of the Bible and other means, true piety and zeal for the kingdom of God had greatly increased. But the weakness of Alexander's character caused him to vacillate between his desire to spread the knowledge of religion among his people, and his fear that their mental emancipation would weaken the imperial authority, and he fell a prey to the priestly party, who hated the mystical and pietistic movements in the church. The excellent minister of worship, Prince Galitzin, was dismissed, and the Bible Society suppressed. All this had occurred shortly before Madame de Krudener's arrival. It was, perhaps, natural that Alexander should not entertain the same confidence in her in St. Petersburg as he had done in Paris; and her enthusiasm for Greece was not likely to increase it, for he had just been informed by Metternich that the revolution in Greece was not to be supported. Alexander caused her to be informed in a delicate way that her residence in his capital could only be permitted so long as she refrained from any expression of opinion on the affairs of Greece and the relations of Russia with regard to her. She returned to her rural retreat, and added voluntary mortifications to the imposed restriction. She wrote scarcely any letters, but employed her time in praying, reading, singing, and caring for the poor. In the winter of 1822-3 she sat without fire or double windows. She suffered indeed in body, but the serenity of her mind increased. The news of the death of Kellner was, however, a great shock to her. She reviewed her past life, and the prospect of death presented itself to her under an aspect of terror, and as an expiation for her sins. But this temptation did not last long, and her readiness to depart returned. Her malady also became less painful; and she willingly entered into a plan for going down the Volga, towards the Crimea, with the Princess Galitzin and her peasant colony. But on the journey her illness increased, and the peculiarities of her character became less conspicuous.

When they arrived at Karason-Bazar, she prepared herself for death, under the loving care of her daughter and her husband. She was fond of hearing Tersteegen's hymns, especially the one beginning—

“Jesu, der Du bist alleine,
Haupt und Hirte der Gemeine,
Segne mich Dein armes glied.”

“Jesus, of Thy sheep the Head,
By whose hand Thy flock is fed,
Feed me, Thy humble lamb !”

The image of the Crucified One was always before her view.

A few days before her death she wrote to her son:—“The good that I have done will remain; the harm that I have done—and how often have I not mistaken the workings of my own imagination and pride for the voice of God!—God in his mercy will wipe away. I have nothing to offer to God or man but my many imperfections; but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” On the 15th of December, amidst fervent prayers, she took leave of her beloved ones. On the 24th she was unable to speak, and requested, by signs, that the sign of the cross should be made over her. At midnight she was told it was Christmas day, and, with beaming looks and audible voice, she gave glory to God. On that day she died. Her earthly tabernacle was deposited in the Armenian church at Karason-Bazar, and was afterwards removed to the Greek church which the Princess Galitzin had built at Koreiss.

Such is the history of Madame de Krudener. We have represented it as we found it, endeavouring lovingly to enter into the spirit of her remarkable life.

It only remains to add a few critical remarks. We do not, of course, concur in the judgment of the world regarding her. Not sharing the angels' joy over a sinner that repenteth, it is more ready to forgive the sin without repentance, than a penitent sinner for preaching it. But we should consider it to be in good order that the more notorious the sin, the more deeply the sinner should ponder the pardon she has received in her heart, and not appear before the world with her newly-learned message of a Saviour from sin, until she has long and silently communed with it herself. Perhaps a quiet residence in her home, confining her labours to her immediate neighbourhood, would have been better for Madame de Krudener than wandering about the world. She might then have acquired more taste for domestic life, and not have fallen into the homeless condition in which she lived for many years, and which we are inclined to

regard as an evidence of the old leaven in her character. We do not think that her usefulness would thereby have been lessened. The spiritual preaching of mercy, when accompanied by a holy life in God, and devotion to our fellow creatures, is so shining a light, that, let it be placed where it may, even were it in Russia, it is sure to be seen from afar, and to attract souls to itself.

And as we regard the perpetual wandering about of the widow as the effect of her early life, we think we recognise in many of her actions during her religious career the fantastic and eccentric romance-writer. This was shown by the exaggerated importance she attached to the prophecies of Mary Kummer, and her implicit confidence in Fontaine, who was disposed to turn both the oracle of his prophesies and the credulous enthusiasm of Madame de Krudener to his own advantage for earthly and selfish ends. Madame de Krudener paid dearly for this, for Alexander became prejudiced against her in consequence of the disastrous result of Fontaine's enterprises, which ended with debt and arrest on the estate of Rappenhoff.

Her proceedings in Switzerland were altogether wanting in Christian sobriety. This was shown in her impatient looking for divine judgments, her anxious watching for every report of earthquake, storm, hail, fire, and pestilence, in order that she might proclaim approaching judgment with greater confidence; in her delight in the marvelous; in the way in which she wrested many passages of Scripture to make them suit her own fancy; in the importance she attached to forms—such as the expression, "Praise be to Jesus Christ;" to the sign of the Cross, and the bending of the knee.

In the persecution which arose against her, there was doubtless much political and ecclesiastical pharisaism, but there was also a wholesome opposition to a course tending to fanaticism and disorder. What right had she to denounce the social and political state of Switzerland—with which her acquaintance was by no means intimate—as one likely to call down divine judgments? And, although in the time of famine she showed her love by her abundant charity, was it wise to entice the people away from their homes and occupations to Russia and the Caucasus?

The grace of Christ, combined with love to the brethren, was the kernel of her Chris-

tianity. Her occasional invocation of the Virgin may be ascribed rather to a fantastic enthusiasm than to doctrine, and she was in the main Protestant, or Catholic according to the original meaning of the word. When in Switzerland she wrote to a Roman Catholic priest:—"Love has called me, not only out of the world, but out of a lifeless Christianity, so that I belong neither to the Catholic nor to the Greek Church, and, thank God, have never become Protestant. My great Master has taught me to be a Christian. When the sun of my life began to dawn upon me, I did not think about being a sinner. I loved, and wept in ecstasy over this delightful love. I was unacquainted both with Christian communities and the forms which people are so ready to adopt. I had heard but little, and learnt but little; but I thought, 'O, if He who is worthy of all adoration did but love me!' Consumed by the divine flame, I did not concern myself about my own unworthiness; I knew nothing of my ruined state. I neither knew nor hated my sinfulness; I only kept at his feet like Mary Magdalene." The love of Christ was the ruling passion of her life. "Not to love," she said, "is, to me, the epitome of all horrors. Not love Him who has graven in my heart the wish that hell itself might learn to love Christ, the Conqueror of hell! I have learnt to know the almighty power of faith and love, not as a heroine of faith, but as a child. The honour and glory of my Redeemer are my life. It is my ardent desire to see all around me saved, that all might unite in praising divine love."

This was her universal theme, in correspondence, in private conversation, and among the multitude.

At the time when God was causing His chastisements to be felt, this remarkable woman, by her preaching and her self-denying love, accomplished her mission with wonderful spiritual energy. Her interference in politics was a mistake; her spiritual labours were encompassed with many infirmities. But she advanced the kingdom of God; her own conversion was a striking instance of the power of grace; and her unflinching love for the people, in spite of political and religious persecution, and the testimony she bore in words and works, all tended to call back the world to the Cross.*

* *Vie de Madame de Krudener*, par Charles Eyraud. Tome i. et ii. Paris, 1849.

From The Spectator.

NOTES FROM THE SCOTTISH ISLES.

III. — CANNA AND ITS PEOPLE.

The Laird of Canna might fitly be styled its King; for over that lonely domain he exercises quite regal authority, and he is luckier in one respect than most monarchs—he keeps all the cash. His subjects number four score—men, women, and children. Some till his land, some herd his sheep. For him the long-line fishers row along the stormy coasts of Rum, for him the wild boors batter out the brains of seals on the neighbouring rocks of Haskeir; the flocks on the crags are his, and the two smacks in the bay; every roof and tenement for man or beast pays him rent of some sort. The solid modern building, surrounded by the civilized brick wall, is his palace—a recent erection, strangely out of keeping with the rude cabins and heather houses in the vicinity. Yet the laird of Canna is not proud. He toiled hard with his hands long before the stroke of good fortune which made him the heritor of the isle, and even now he communes freely with the lowliest subjects, and (see yonder!) is not above boarding the trader in the bay in his *shirt-sleeves*. A shrewd, active, broad-shouldered man is the laird, still young, and as active as a goat. Though he sits late at night among his books, he is up with the greyest dawn to look after his field. You meet him everywhere over the island, mounted royally on his sturdy little sheltie, and gazing around him with a face which says plainly,—

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.”

But at times he sails far away southward in his own boats, speculating with the shrewdest, and surely keeping his own. In the midst of his happy sway he has a fine smile and a kindly heart for the stranger, as we can testify. The great can afford to be generous, though, of course, if greatness were to be measured by mere amount of income, the laird, though a “warm” man, would have to be ranked among the lowly. He has in abundance what all the Stuarts tried in vain to feel—the perfect sense of solitary sway.

Think of it,—dreamer, power-hunter, pinner after the Napoleonic! A fertile island, a simple people, ships and flocks all your own, and all set solitary and inviolate in the great sea! for how much less have throats been cut, hearths desolated, even nations ruined? There is no show, no bunkum, no flash jewellery of power, but veritable power itself. In old days, there would have been

the gleaming of tartans, the flashing of swords, the sound of wassail, the intoning of the skald; but now, instead, we have the genuine modern article—a monarch of a speculative turn, transacting business in his shirt-sleeves. The realm flourishes too. Each cotter or shepherd pays his rent in labour, and is permitted a plot of ground to grow potatoes and graze a cow. The fishermen are supported in the same way. Both sexes toil out of doors at the crops and take part in the shearing, but the women have plenty of time to watch the cow and weave homespun on their rude looms. All on the isle, excepting only the laird himself, belong to the old Romish faith, even the laird's own wife and children being Catholics. There is no bickering, civil or religious. The supreme head of the state is universally popular, and praised for his thoughtfulness and generosity—a single example of which is as good as a hundred. It is the custom of many Highland proprietors, notably those of Islay, to levy a rent on those who burn the seaweed and tangles on their shore, charging the poor makers about a pound on every ton of kelp so produced. Not so the Laird of Canna. “He charges nothing,” said our informant, a wild old Irish wanderer, whom we found kelp-burning close to our anchorage; “the laird is too decent a man to take *rent for the rocks*!”

One might wander far, like those princes of Eastern fable who went that weary quest in search of kingdoms, and fare far worse than here. Though environed on every side by rocks and crags, and ringed by the watery waste, Canna is fat and fertile, full of excellent sheep pastures and patches of fine arable ground. Its lower slopes in times remote were enriched by the salt sea loam, and its highest peaks have been dunged for ages by innumerable sea-fowl. Huge sheep of the Cheviot breed cover all the slopes, finding their way to the most inaccessible crags; long trains of milch cows wind from the hills to the outside of the laird's dairy morning and gloaming; and in the low rich under-stretches of valley are little patches of excellent corn, where the loud “creek-creek” of the corncrik sounds harsh and loud. So much for the material blessings of the island. Then as to those other blessings which touch the eye and the soul.

It is a fish-shaped island, about five miles long and a mile and a half broad, throwing out by a small isthmus on the western side a low peninsula of grassy green. In the space between the peninsula and the south-eastern point of the mainland lies the harbour, and across the isthmus to the west lies another greater bay, so sown with grim lit-

the islands and sunken rocks as to be totally useless to navigators in any weather. The peninsula is somewhat low, but the crags of the main island tower to an immense height above the level of the sea.

Canna is the child of the great waters, and such children, lonely and terrible as is their portion, seldom lack loveliness — often their only dower. From the edge of the lipping water to the peak of the highest crag, it is clothed on with ocean gifts and signs of power. Its strange under-caves and rocks are coloured with rainbow hues, drawn from glorious-feathered weeds; overhead, its cliffs of basalt rise shadowy, ledge after ledge darkened by innumerable little wings; and high over all grow soft greenswards, knolls of thyme and heather, where sheep bleat, and whence the herdboy crawls over to look into the raven's nest. On a still summer day, when the long Atlantic swell is crystal smooth, Canna looks supremely gentle on her image in the tide, and out of her hollow under-caves comes the low weird whisper of a voice; the sunlight glimmers on peaks and sea, the beautiful shadow quivers below, broken here and there by drifting weeds, and the bleating sheep on the high swards soften the stillness. But when the winds come in over the deep, the beauty changes — it darkens, it flashes from softness into power. The huge waters boil at the foot of the crags, and the peaks are caught in mist; and the air, full of a great roar, gathers around Canna's troubled face. Climb the crags, and the horrid rocks to westward, jutting out here and there like sharks' teeth, spit the lurid white foam back in the glistening eyes of the sea. Slip down to the water's edge, and amid the deafening roar the spray rises far above you in a hissing shower. The whole island seems quivering through and through. The waters gather on all sides, with only one still long gleam to leeward. No place in the world could seem fuller of supernatural voices, more powerful, or more utterly alone.

It is our fortune to see the island in all its moods; for we are in no haste to depart. Days of deep calm alternate with days of the wildest storm — there is constant change.

When there is little or no sea, it is delightful to pull in the punt round the precipitous shores, and come upon the lonely haunts of the ocean birds. There is one great cliff, with a huge rock rising out of the waters before it, which is the favourite breeding haunt of the puffins, and while swarms of these little creatures, with their bright parrot-like bills and plump white breasts, flit thick as locusts in the air, le-

gions darken the waters underneath, and rows on rows sit brooding over their young on the dizziest edges of the cliff itself. The noise of wings is ceaseless, there is constant coming and going, and so tame are the birds that one might almost seize them, either on the water or in the air, with the outstretched hand. Discharge a gun into the air, and as the hollow echoes roar upward and inward to the very hearts of the caves, it will suddenly seem as if the tremendous crags were loosening to fall — but the dull dangerous sound you hear is only the rush of wings. A rock further northward is possessed entirely by gulls, chiefly the smaller species; thousands sit still and fearless, whitening the summit like snow, but many hover with discordant scream over the passing boat, and seem trying with the wild beat of their wings to scare the intruders away. Close in shore, at the mouth of a deep dark cave, cormorants are to be found, great black "scarts," their mates, and the young, preening their glistening plumage leisurely, or stretching out their snake-like necks to peer with fishy eyes this way and that. They are not very tame here, and should you present a gun, will soon flounder into the sea and disappear; but at times when they have gorged themselves with fish, so awkward are they with their wings, and so muddled are their wits, that one might run right abreast with them and knock them over with an oar.

Everywhere below, above, on all sides, there is nothing but life — birds innumerable, brooding over their eggs or fishing for the young. Here and there, a little fluff of down just launched out into the great world paddles about bewildered, and dives away from the boat's bow with a little troubled cry; on the outer rocks gulls and guillemots innumerable, puffins on the crags, and cormorants on the ledges of the caves. The poor reflective human being, brought into the sound of such a life, gets quite scared and dazed. The air, the rocks, the waters are all astir. The face turns for relief upward, where the blue sky meets the summit of the crags. Even yonder, on the very ledge, a black speck sits and croaks; and still further upward, dwarfed by distance to the size of a sparrowhawk, hovers a black eagle, fronting the sun.

There is something awe-inspiring, on a dead calm day, in the low hushed wash of the great swell that forever sets in from the ocean; slow, slow, it comes, with the regular beat of a pulse, rising its height without breaking against the cliff it mirrors in its polished breast, and then dying down beneath with a murmuring moan. What

power is there! what dreadful, fatal ebbing and flowing! No finger can stop that under-swell, no breath can come between that and its course; it has rolled since Time began, the same, neither more nor less, whether the weather be still or wild, and it will keep on when we are all dead. Bah! that is hypochondria. But look! what is that floating yonder, on the glassy water?

"Is it a piece o' weed or floating hair,
O' drownéd maiden's hair?"

No; but it tells as clear a tale. Those planks formed lately the sides of a ship, and on that old mattress, with the straw washing out of the rents, some weary sailor pillowed his head not many hours ago. Where is the ship now? Where is the sailor? Oh, if a magician's wand could strike these waters, and open them up to our view, what a sight should we see! the slimy hulls of ships long sunk; the just sunken fish-boat, with ghastly faces twisted among the nets; the skeleton suspended in the huge under-grass and monstrous weeds, the black shapes, the fleshless faces looming green in the dripping foam and watery dew! Yet how gently the swell comes rolling, and how pleasant look the depths, this summer day,—as if death was not, as if there could be neither storm nor wreck at sea.

More hypochondria, perhaps. Why the calm sea should invariably make us melancholy we cannot tell, but it does so, in spite of all our efforts to be gay. Walt Whitman used to sport in the great waters as happily as a porpoise or a seal, without any dread, with vigorous animal delight; and we too can enjoy a glorious swim in the sun, if there is just a little wind, and the sea sparkles and freshens full of life. But to swim in a dead calm is dreadful to a sensitive man. Something mesmeric grips and weakens him. If the water be deep, he feels dizzy, as if he were suspended far up in the air.

We are harping on delicate mental chords, and forgetting Canna; yet we have been musing in such a mood as Canna must inevitably awaken in all who feel the world. She is so lonely, so beautiful; and the seas around her are so full of sounds and sights that seize the soul. There is nothing mean, or squalid, or miserable about Canna; but she is melancholy and subdued,—she seems, like a Scandinavian Havfru, to sit with her hand to her ear, earnestly listening to the sea.

That, too, is what first strikes one in the Canna people,—their melancholy look,—not grief-worn, not sorrowful, not passionate, but simply melancholy and subdued.

We cannot believe they are unhappy beyond the lot of other people who live by labour, and it is quite certain that, in worldly circumstances, they are much more comfortable than the Highland poor are generally. Nature, however, with her wondrous secret influences, has subdued their lives, toned their thoughts to the spirit of the island where they dwell. This is more particularly the case with the women. Poor human souls, with that dark, searching look in the eyes, those feeble flutterings of the lips! They speak sad and low, as if somebody were sleeping close by. When they step forward and ask you to step into the dwelling, you think (being new to their ways) that some one has just died. All at once, and inevitably, you hear the leaden wash of the sea, and you seem to be walking on a grave.

"A ghostly people!" exclaims the reader; "keep me from Canna!" That is an error. The people do seem ghostly at first, their looks do sadden and depress; but the feeling soon wears away, when you find how much quiet happiness, how much warmth of heart, may underlie the melancholy air. When they know you a little, ever so little, they brighten, not into anything demonstrative, not into sunniness, but into a silvery kind of beauty, which we can only compare to moonlight. A veil is quietly lifted, and you see the soul's face,—and then you know that these folk are melancholy, not for sorrow's sake, but just as moonlight is melancholy, just as the wash of water is melancholy, because *that* is the natural expression of their lives. They are capable of a still, heart-suffering tenderness, very touching to behold.

We visit many of their houses and hold many of their hands. Kindly, gentle, open-handed as melting charity, we find them all, the poorest of them as hospitable as the proudest chieftain of their race. There is a gift everywhere for the stranger, and a blessing after,—for they know that after all he is bound for the same bourn.

Theirs is a quiet life, a still passage from birth to the grave; still, quiet, save for the never-silent voices of the sea. The women work very hard, both indoors and afield. Some of the men go away herring fishing in season, but the majority find employment either on the island or the circumjacent waters. We cannot credit the men with great energy of character; they do not seem industrious. An active man could not lounge as they lounge, with that total abandonment of every nerve and muscle. They will lie in little groups for hours looking at the sea, and biting stalks of grass,

—not seeming to talk, save when one makes a kind of grunting observation, and stretches out his limbs a little further. Some one comes and says, "There are plenty of herring over in Loch Seavaig—a Skye boat got a great haul last night." Perhaps the loungers go off to try their luck, but very likely they say, "Wait till to-morrow—it may be all untrue;" and in all probability before they get over to the fishing ground the herring have disappeared.

Yet they can work, too, and with a will, when they are fairly set on to work. They can't speculate, they can't search for profit; the shrewd man outwits them at every turn. They keep poor—but keeping poor, they keep good. Their worst fault is their dreaminess; but surely, as there is light in heaven, if there be blame here, God is to blame here, who gave them dreamy souls! For our part, keep us from the man who could be born in Canna, live on and on with that ocean murmur around him, and elude dreaminess and a melancholy like theirs!

"Bah!" cries a good soul from a city, "they are lazy, like the Irish, like Jamaica niggers; they are behind the age—let them die!" You are quite right, my good soul, and if it will be any comfort to you to hear it, they, and such as they, are dying fast. They can't keep up with you; you are too clever, too great. You, we have no doubt, could live at Canna, and establish a manufactory for getting the sea turned into salt for export. You wouldn't dream, not you! Ere long these poor Highlanders will die out, and with them will die out gentleness, hospitality, charity, and a few other lazy habits of the race.

In a pensive mood, with a prayer on our lips for the future of a noble race destined to perish, we wander across the island till we come to the little graveyard where the people of Canna go to sleep. It is a desolate spot, with a distant view of the Western Ocean. A rude stone wall, with a clumsy gate, surrounds a small square, so wild, so like the stone-covered hillside all round, that we should not guess its use without being guided by the fine stone mausoleum in the midst. That is the last home of the Lairds of Canna and their kin; it is quite modern and respectable. Around, covered knee-deep with grass, are the graves of the islanders, with no other memorial stones than simple pieces of rock, large and small, brought from the sea-shore and placed as footstones and headstones. Rugged as water tossing in the wind is the

old kirkyard, and the graves of the dead therein are as the waves of the sea.

In a place apart lies the wooden bier, with handspokes, on which they carry the cold men and women hither; and by its side, a sight indeed to dim the eyes, is another smaller bier, smaller and lighter, used for little children. Well, there is not such a long way between parents and offspring;—the old here are children too, silly in worldly matters, loving, sensitive, credulous of strange tales. They are coming hither, faster and faster; bier after bier, shadow after shadow. It is the Saxon's day now, the day of progress, the day of civilization, the day of shops; but high as may be your respect for the commercial glory of the nation, stand for a moment in imagination among these graves, and join me in a prayer for the poor Celts, whom they are carrying, here and in a thousand other kirkyards, to the rest that is without knowledge, and the sleep that is without dream.

From The Spectator.

DOLLS.

WE have sometimes wondered that more has not been written about Dolls, who are surely very important members of the family. For they are nothing less than the children of the children, of the mothers of the future, who rehearse with them the delights and cares of after years. There is no play, not even the business-like plays of manhood, that is more serious. To careless older persons, even to some children, it seems a peculiarly senseless amusement; it really is a miniature life, earnest and even anxious to a degree which is sometimes alarming. "There never," writes a friend, "was a more sobered, care-crazed mother than I, from a mere baby-child up to the lamentably advanced age of sixteen." The relation between such girls and their dolls, girls to whom they are not playthings but children, is worth study, full as it is of psychological and moral interest, and affording sure tests and prognostics of character. Few things are more curious than to see how the little creatures, sometimes before they are able to articulate, pitch upon some object which is to satisfy the maternal instinct in them. The strangest object it often is. Like savages when they worship, they are content with the rudest imitation of the human figure. One young lady of our acquaintance, then not two years old, set her affections on a stone seltzer-water

bottle, which she wrapped in flannel, and staggered about with, to the alarm of her mother, who was in constant fear for the little one's toes. Another has adopted a hot-water can, on which she bestows a passionate affection, and with which she holds endless dialogue. These objects, of course, are exchanged, as time goes on, for others which better satisfy newly developed tastes and feelings. A girl of six will generally not be satisfied except her baby bears some resemblance to her mother's. Helped by this concession to reality, the imagination knows no bound in its inventions. But it is checked, on the other hand, by too studied an imitation of life. The splendid, elaborately dressed creature of wax is never really loved. Its tameness chills the fancy. It is imposed upon the affections, not created by them. And too large a doll is seldom much liked. Of course there are exceptions; but a small doll, not too handsome, is generally the favourite. With these darlings about them, some girls, like actors, who are said to look upon the world as a show and upon the stage as a world, live a life which is more real to them than is their daily existence.

Madame Michelet, in her charming book the *Story of my Childhood*, which was lately noticed in this journal, has some interesting chapters about her dolls. Everything in her circumstances favoured the development of the taste, or, to speak more correctly, the passion. An imaginative child, thrown much upon herself, neglected by her mother, who bestowed all the affection she had to spare for her daughters upon an elder sister, she was driven and found it easy to create a world of love for herself. Her first doll she had to make. Wood was too hard. Clay was too cold. Linen and bran were the materials chosen. "I was like the savages," she says, "who desire a little god to worship. It must have a head with eyes, and with ears to listen; and it must have a breast to hold its heart. All the rest is less important, and remains undefined." How she worked on this model; how she breathed on what she made in the hope that it might live, remembering how the breath of God had given life to Adam; what a troubled, anxious life she and her daughter led, but what endless joy and solace she found in her society, she tells with wonderful grace and truthfulness. "I was obliged to hide her in a dark corner of a shed, where the waggons and carriages were kept. It was winter-time, and our meetings were precarious and rare. . . . There were some occasions when I had an absolute need to have her near me, as when

a sad night closed a day of penitence. After being punished, I could conceive no consolation equal to taking my child to bed with me. When I drew her shivering from her miserable hiding-place, I would burst into tears and cover her with kisses. . . . When we were alone in the garden we held endless dialogues. I scolded her a little, but I never punished her. To send her early to bed, to feed her with dry bread, or, worse still, to strike her little tender body, seemed to me too cruel; it would have been punishment to myself to do it. When I was in trouble I never told her of it, but I could think of none but the saddest tales with which to warn her, as how a little girl had been lost who had wandered out into the woods, far, far away. At night search was made with lanterns, and shouts were heard; but the disobedient child was lost forever." Her love was not lessened, but it was troubled by the uncouth appearance of her child, which she was continually endeavouring to improve. But she found in it at least one consolation. Disturbed about her own looks, which did not promise well, she could compare herself with her dolly. "Here I was certainly the handsomer of the two; and, although I loved her, I was not sorry to be prettier than my daughter. Many mothers are equally to blame." For her other experiences with her first child, and for the story of the handsomer Margarido, a young lady who had the advantage of being born in a fashionable shop, and who in course of time engrossed the young mother's affections, the reader must be referred to Madame Michelet's book, with which, indeed, he will be glad for many reasons to have made acquaintance.

There is nothing remarkable in these experiences beyond the grace and skill with which the writer has given expression to them. They may be matched in households without end; our own limited inquiries have given us an embarrassing choice of materials. Of these phenomena the first and chief cause is obviously the mother-instinct. Hence the satisfaction of the very young child, whose faculties of observation and comparison are as yet feeble, with the rudest *effigies* of the human form, and hence the partiality,—a touching suggestion of a familiar fact in real life,—on the part of older children for the weakest and least-favoured of the doll family. Sometimes other feelings, the sense of beauty, for instance, in an unusually early development, comes into conflict with this instinct. So it is with one young lady of our acquaintance. She, being then two years old, had placed

her dolls in a row, and among them one, Miss Betsy by name, of preternatural ugliness. She was seen, as she held a spoon with food to the mouths of each of her family in turn, to administer a slap on the face to her ill-favoured daughter. A short time, however, wrought a marvellous change. About a year after this event she had placed her little family, after their Saturday wash, to warm before the fire. One who had a delicate india-rubber constitution shrivelled before the blaze. Returning to them, she caught sight of the horrible face of her once comely child. With a shriek of grief and terror, she ran to her mother, crying, "Take it; don't let me see it again; oh, my poor Mary!" But in the midst of her agony she remembered the others, and mastering her horror of their possible condition, ran off to their rescue, and happily found them unharmed. The injured Mary was sent to the hospital and cured; that is, a fac-simile was with infinite difficulty procured. Happily it had a little scar on its neck, which passed as the remains of hospital treatment and cure. Another epoch in the child's moral growth was marked by a catastrophe which happened to a later favourite. "Katie" had her cheek torn open by the mischievous fingers of a baby brother. Too old now to be imposed upon by offers of hospital cure, the child wept inconsolably for days. Alarmed at the violence of her grief, her mother attempted consolation. She should have a new doll, the image of that which she had lost. With a reproachful glance, the child said, still weeping bitterly, "Oh, it will never be my own, own Katie!" "And," writes the mother, "I felt positively ashamed of myself at having suggested such a thing; I saw that Katie was dead to the child, and that I had wronged the child as much as if, instead of burying some woman's dead child and weeping with her over it, I had offered to buy or borrow another baby in its place."

An observer of course asks, how can an affection so passionate contrive to maintain itself, in spite of the utter *passivity* of the objects on which it is bestowed? Doubtless this is the *cruz*. Where the imagination of the child is less active it is overpowered by the difficulty. In the genuine lover of dolls it is vigorous enough entirely to overcome it. "I was never *désillusionnée*," writes the friend whom we have quoted before, "because my dolls did not eat. I had a wash of my doll's clothes every week, and thanked Heaven that they did get really dirty. If they would only have worn out as well, everything would have been perfect. I rubbed the tiny socks very hard and

dragged the dolls shoeless on the ground, in the hope I might but once before I died have to darn 'baby's' socks." How genuine and thorough the illusion was in this case may be judged from a little trait which every mother will appreciate. "I never woke in the night without getting up to turn my dolls in their beds." But even so lively an imagination as this did not disdain assistance from without. There was a sister very clever at imitating sounds. "When, at my own request, she would imitate for me a sick or suffering fretting baby, I declare I felt my heart ache, and felt aged and worn with care as I lulled my 'Freddy' or 'Selina' on my lap." We cannot refrain from giving one more extract from the letter of our friend, who, we ought, perhaps, to tell our readers has had from babyhood a passion for dolls at least equal to her passion for dolls. "I once cried myself nearly ill because my brothers had to perform a surgical operation on my doll. Its winking machine would not go, and total blindness or permanent leer and hopeless squint were threatened. I would not abandon my doll, but, mother-like, stood by while my brothers, with infinite skill, beheaded my baby, and wound up its eyes to go right, and then sewed the head and shoulders on for me. I do not think *agony* is too violent a word for my grief at the sight which my headless babe presented."

The purely domestic life to which these experiences belong satisfies most children. Some, indeed, like to realize in their dolls the wider interests which are awakened by their reading, to reproduce incidents of travel or of history. "He," said a young lady of our acquaintance, when questioned about the disappearance of a favourite doll, — "he has fallen down that crack, but they (the other dolls) don't know it. They think he has gone to India." We have heard of the niece of a distinguished historian, accustomed to hear of great personages, who identified her dolls with kings and queens, and who, when the Revolution of 1848 occurred, promptly accepted the situation, and treated her Louis Philippe with indignity, as a monarch who could not keep himself upon his throne.

Here we must bring to an end our record of experiences, which many, doubtless, of our readers will be able to supplement with others equally strange and significant. After the fashion of some teachers, who like to conclude their prelections with some problem which seems likely to puzzle their audience, we shall give an anecdote which the friend so often quoted before reluctantly supplies: — "I can vouch for the

fact of a dog once taking so desperate a fancy to a large wax doll, that she abandoned her puppies, and they were nearly starved to death, because, in spite of all beatings and chasings, she would take every opportunity of stealing up to the room where her favourite was, and lying down to sleep by its side. I hope this won't degrade my love of dolls in your eyes; but I feel a little uneasy about it."

From The London Review.

BAD ENGLISH.*

A **PROFESSED** grammarian is not necessarily a good writer, any more than a professed moralist is necessarily a good man. A man who is the one may possibly be the other as well; but, as the two are not identical, they are not inseparable. There is the same difference between them that there is between *knowing* and *doing*. Having already, in his book on "The Dean's English," proved the truth of this position, Mr. Washington Moon has again thrown a flood of light upon the same subject, in exposing the "bad English" of no less a grammarian than Lindley Murray, besides exhibiting for the edification of students the vicious grammar of two American writers on the English language. Will Mr. Moon take it as an offence if we confess that in reading his present volume we had feelings which might have been produced by seeing a strong man slaughtering flies with a razor? Of course, such feelings are slightly foolish, for as flies are a nuisance, worthy only of abolition, the minutest blunders in grammar are equally offensive, and deserve no quarter from any lover of a pure style. We therefore accept Mr. Moon's criticisms, microscopical though they sometimes seem to be, as a new series of lessons on the grammatical minutiae of the Queen's English. Presuming that a man's native language is, of all others, of most importance to him, we may fairly conclude that, to an Englishman, the study of English is more imperative than the study of any other language, living or dead. Hitherto, however, it has almost appeared as if the mere fact of English being the language of the British isles, warranted the deliberate neglect of it as a daily study. We have too long imagined that, because we are born muttering what is nothing but a nebulous imitation of English, we have, therefore, no need of the schoolmas-

ter. But that is precisely the strongest proof of our need. The imitative faculty, as exercised in the learning of one's own tongue, is too apt to be content with whatever is first presented for imitation; however imperfect it may be as a vehicle of thought or feeling. Happily, a change is coming slowly over the spirit of our grammatical dreams. With the spread of Liberal ideas, the desire for a purer English is being also more widely diffused; and there has gone forth a deeply-uttered demand that every British child shall not only be taught the greatest of living languages, but shall be taught it in its utmost purity. Men like Mr. Moon, in acting as literary police, or as grammatical scavengers, exercise a useful function in helping to keep undefiled the pure well of English; and in the little volume before us the critic of "The Dean's English" shows how much garbage may be picked from streams which have hitherto been regarded as comparatively pure.

Taking the edition of Lindley Murray's Grammar (1816), which received the author's latest touches, and which is described on the title-page as "corrected," Mr. Moon proves, by the selection of numerous examples of bad English, that even that edition stands itself in need of extensive correction. As a literary phenomenon, the mere fact of false grammar is so common that it has ceased to be remarkable. But it certainly is remarkable when it is found in a book which professes to teach the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly. That Tom, Dick, and Harry should mangle their mother tongue, is a thing to be expected from gentlemen who are above grammar; but it is impossible for fathers and mothers to be satisfied when they find the national grammarian following the example of Harry, Dick, and Tom. Yet Lindley Murray offends against the correct use of every part of speech, as a few examples will show. For instance, when two nominatives, different in number, occur in a sentence, it is not allowable to suppress one of the corresponding verbs; because, in that case, a piece of false grammar would be the result. Thus, when Lindley Murray says, "Many sentences *are* miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally lost," he clearly leads us to believe that the second verb is the same in number as the first, which would make the sentence read "Many sentences *are* miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis [*are*] totally lost;" whereas, the latter part of the sentence should have been, "and the force of the emphasis *is* totally lost." In part of another sentence, he expressly employs a wrong

* The Bad English of Lindley Murray and Other Writers on the English Language. A Series of Criticisms. By G. Washington Moon. F.R.S.L., author of "The Dean's English." London: Hatchard & Co.

verb when he says, "Yet their general scope and tendency, having never been clearly apprehended, *is* [are] not remembered at all." Although Murray is perfectly acquainted with the law which determines the position of an adverb in a sentence, yet in practice he violates it repeatedly. Thus, "A term which *only implies* the idea of persons," is corrected by Mr. Moon into "A term which implies the idea of *persons only*." Some readers may think that such a correction is more finical than valuable; but as it is an improvement, it is a distinct gain, however slight. The adverb "both" is misplaced by Murray in this sentence: "The perfect tense and the imperfect tense *both denote* a thing that is past." Of course, as the adverb was meant to apply, not to the verb "denote," but to the perfect and imperfect tenses, the sentence should have been, "*Both the perfect tense and the imperfect tense* denote a thing that is past." Again, Murray says, "We shall consider each of these three objects in versification, *both with respect to the feet and the pauses*;" and Mr. Moon, correcting him, puts the sentence thus — "We shall consider each of these three objects in versification, with respect *both to the feet and to the pauses*." Such errors occur frequently in Murray's Grammar. Superlative adverbs, such as "totally," "supremely," "absolutely," and "universally," are often misused in being qualified by words implying comparison, such as "so," "more," or "most." But there are no degrees of superlativeness; so that if we say regarding anything, that it is *more universal* or *so totally*, our expression, as Mr. Moon remarks, "amounts to the absurdity of saying that a whole may be either less or more than itself!" Yet Lindley Murray, in spite of his own knowledge, speaks of certain objects as being "*so totally unknown*." With other grammarians, Murray lays down the rule that "Pronouns must always agree with their antecedents, and the nouns for which they stand, in gender and number;" yet in speaking about the separation of a subject into paragraphs, he unhesitatingly violates his own rule when he says, "and *each* of these, when of great length, will again require subdivision at *their* most distinctive parts." The "and which" error, that is, employing the words "and which" in a sentence that does not contain, in the previous part of it, the word "which," either expressed or understood, is one often committed by young writers. But Lindley Murray himself falls into the mistake in the following sentence: — "The more important rules, definitions, and observations, and

which are therefore the most proper to be committed to memory, are printed with a larger type." Besides the "and which" error, this sentence contains another mistake in the fact that the relative adverb "therefore" has no antecedent grammatically connected with it. Mr. Moon thus amends the sentence, — "The rules, definitions, and observations *which are the more important, and which are therefore* the most proper to be committed to memory, are printed in larger type." A worse instance than the foregoing of the "and which" error occurs in Murray's Grammar, and is, of course, thoroughly exposed by Mr. Moon, who shows also that the famous English grammarian frequently misuses even the articles. "The importance of obtaining, in early life, a clear, distinct, and accurate knowledge," is equal to saying "*a* clear, [*a*] distinct, and [*a*] accurate knowledge." He speaks also of "*an* oration or discourse," which is just saying "*an* oration or [*an*] discourse." In another sentence, Murray says, "It is difficult, in some cases, to distinguish between an interrogative and exclamatory sentence," of which Mr. Moon gives the following emendation, — "It is difficult to *discriminate between* an interrogatory and *an* exclamatory sentence," adding in explanation, that "*we distinguish* one thing *from another*, but we *discriminate between* two or more things." Again, the grammarian speaks of "explaining the *distinction* between the powers of sense and imagination," upon which Mr. Moon makes the comment, — "*We make a distinction*, but it is a *difference* which we *explain*." So much for Lindley Murray. To say now that he is not the man we took him for before reading these criticisms, would hardly be correct, for we have never believed in his infallibility as a grammarian. He has many merits, no doubt, but intuitive precision as a writer of English is not one of them; and therefore it is that, as Mr. Moon remarks, "almost every kind of fault in composition may be found in Lindley Murray's own writings," though the critic adds that "he is not more incorrect in his language than ninety-nine men out of every hundred. He knew what was right; but his practice was strongly at variance with his precepts."

The second and third parts of Mr. Moon's volume consist of criticisms contributed to the New York *Round Table*, the former series on the "Essays" of the Hon. George P. Marsh, and the latter on Edward S. Gould's "Good English." Mr. Marsh's Essays, which were published, under the title of "Notes on the New Edition of

Webster's Dictionary," in the *Nation*, open with the phrase, "I propose to contribute," &c. Mr. Moon objects to the second word as inaccurate, rightly holding that it ought to have been *purpose*. Of these two words Dr. Crombie says, "to *purpose* for 'to intend,' is better than to *propose*, which signifies also 'to lay before,' or 'submit to consideration.'" An error, common in Lindley Murray, is then pointed out. Mr. Marsh, in speaking of Webster's Dictionary, says, "Its vocabulary is more copious, its etymologies more sound and satisfactory, and its definitions more accurate," &c. As the singular verb "is" governs the whole sentence, we are, in fact, told that the *etymologies* is more sound and the *definitions* is more accurate. Of course, when several nominatives differing in number occur in a sentence, they should have corresponding verbs. In the foregoing sentence, the singular *is* agrees with *vocabulary*, but with neither *etymologies* nor *definitions*; therefore the plural *are* is needed to correspond with the latter two. Mr. Moon detects a subtler error than the foregoing in the same sentence; and then, further on in Mr. Marsh's Essay, he points out several other examples of false grammar and inelegancies of composition. It seems that while Mr. Moon's criticisms were appearing in the *Round Table*, a champion entered the lists on the side of Mr. Marsh in the pages of the *Nation*. This writer, in objecting to the use of the word *cotemporary*, lays down this rule regarding the use of *co* and *con*:—"The general use in words compounded with the inseparable preposition *con* is to retain the *n* before a consonant and to expunge it before a vowel or an *h* mute." On which dictum, Mr. Moon asks, "How happens it, then, that we say *co*-bishop, *co*-herald, *co*-guardian, *co*-partner, *co*-worker, *co*-surety, *co*-defendant, *co*-lessee, *co*-trustee, *co*-tenant, *co*-regent, &c. Why do we say *co*habitat, and not *con*habitat? Why do we say *co*vet, and not *con*vet? Why do we say *co*venant, and not *con*venant? The first syllable of each of these words is from the Latin *con*, and the second syllable begins with a consonant. If "Mr. S." should ever be on a jury, he would doubtless make his *co*-jurors *con*jurors; and in speaking of the *co*-founders of the great American republic, would doubtless call them "*con*founders"! Mr. Marsh writes—"These operations and affections are often but dimly conscious even to ourselves, and the words by which we indicate them are necessarily as incapable of analysis as [*are*] the thing signified." This queer sentence contains two errors, one in grammar

and one of composition. The last clause should, of course, be "the words by which we indicate them are necessarily as incapable of analysis as *is* the thing signified." But the first clause of the sentence is truly a notable production to come from the lips of a philologist—"These operations and affections are often but dimly conscious even to ourselves." In the first place, it is absurd to talk about operations and affections being "*conscious*;" and in the second place, even if they were conscious, it would still be absurd to talk about their being conscious *to*. Probably, as Mr. Moon remarks, Mr. Marsh meant to say—"These operations and affections are often but dimly perceptible even to ourselves." Of the misuse of the word "*dearest*," Mr. Moon gives the following interesting example:—A gentleman once began a letter thus to his bride—"My *dearest* Maria." The lady replied—"My dear John, I beg that you will mend either your morals or your grammar. You call me your '*dearest* Maria;' am I to understand that you have other Marias?" Mr. Marsh's Essays appear to be pretty thickly strewn with examples of false grammar and loose composition; but we can only afford to quote further a ludicrous illustration of ambiguity—"The battered copper vessels, old brooms, cobwebs, apple-parings, and the like, which the Flemish painters scatter so freely about *their interiors*." The Flemish painters must have excellent stomachs if they can make a dinner of copper vessels, old brooms, cobwebs, and apple-parings.

Mr. Moon devotes the concluding part of his volume to the examination of Mr. Gould's "*Good English*," in which he discovers numerous examples of bad English, arising from vicious grammar, inelegant composition, and the misuse of particular words. We may mention that while Mr. Moon's criticisms on Mr. Gould's book were appearing in the *Round Table*, Mr. Gould himself stepped into the arena in self-defence, and fought, with a rather feeble ingenuity, in favour of certain positions in grammar which a sensitive ear would never have adopted, and which, when exposed, a wise critic would have eagerly abandoned. The result of that interchange of grammatical compliments, as produced in this volume, is exceedingly interesting, and at points even exciting; but it degenerates towards the close into something like a literary duel, in which the combatants seem to mingle the disturbing and obscuring element of personal feeling with that noble passion, with which both are undoubtedly inspired, for the purity and honour of the English lan-

guage. Mr. Moon is a deadly sportsman in the domain of grammar; he scents his quarry afar off, and descends upon it with singular precision. A needle hidden in a haystack, if it had the slightest scent of bad grammar about it, could not possibly escape his unerring instinct. While, however, fully admitting Mr. Moon's ability as a grammarian and a writer of good English, we must say that in some of his minuter excursions as a critic he suggests the figure of an eagle preying upon mice.

From The London Review.

HAWTHORNE.*

It is no reproach to our contemporary the *North British Review* not to have exhausted so large a subject as is offered for consideration by the writings of the late Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne; but it may, perhaps, be called a reproach to a reading generation that Hawthorne's novels so seldom come to the front. He is eminently a "meaty" writer, and stimulating as well as substantial. "The Scarlet Letter" may, perhaps, dispute with "Vanity Fair" the palm of being the most powerful novel or romance of the century, and it contains, without any "perhaps" at all, the most dramatic surprise of any recent story whatever. Besides this, all Hawthorne's stories are curiously full of pictures, and yet no artist (that we remember) of any consequence has gone to them for subjects. Hawthorne may be said to have written in pictures. His stories are made up of scenes in series, like the pictures of Hogarth—enormously different as, of course, the romancist is from the painter. And yet no worthy attempt has been made even to illustrate his works. We would venture to suggest that the task would admirably suit the pencil of Mr. George Pinwell, if he could only make up his mind not to draw ugly faces, except where the text made it necessary. As he has greatly improved in that respect lately, perhaps some enterprising publisher will invite Mr. Pinwell to the task and let us see a well illustrated "Scarlet Letter" to begin with. There were whispers many years ago of an attempt to set this romance to music, but nobody ever heard anything of the opera; and that is all we remember of the uses made by artists in other forms of a great artist whose works would with peculiar readiness lend themselves to at least one of those forms—namely, painting.

The first and most obvious characteristic of Hawthorne as a storyteller is a brooding intensity of manner, which enables, indeed compels, him to dispense with anything like underplot, side-scenes, or casual interjections. He conceives his drama *whole* at once, and does not allow a single creature to tread the boards who does not help the general effect. His concentration, his knack of brooding over a scene till he has exhausted it, is exemplified in a hundred places. Take, for example, the scene in "The House of the Seven Gables," in which Judge Pyncheon lies dead of apoplexy in the old house, with the blood-stain on his bosom, while Hepzibah and Clifford are flying away by rail. Take the dreadful scene in the "Scarlet Letter" in which Arthur Dimmesdale stands in the pillory by himself at midnight. Take, for a totally different kind of example, the description of Phoebe Pyncheon, and her bedchamber. It must ever be a fine study for all who love finished original work to pause over the concentrative art of Hawthorne, by which a story which might be told in three pages is carried on for five hundred, in a series of chapters, each devoted to one particular stage of the narrative, and neither containing a touch more than ministers to the delight of the reader.

The next characteristic of Hawthorne is his habit of introducing what, for want of a better word, must be called the preternatural, or spiritual, in a gradual fluid way, so that before you are well aware of what the man is about, the main current of the story is tinged with eerie colours. He always begins the trick by taking up the preternatural somewhere at the very edge of the common, in such a manner that our sympathies go with him; we wish the facts *were* so, or, at least, we acquiesce in the poetry of the thing. Thus, he tells us that when Phoebe had slept in the mouldy old Pyncheon chamber, anybody entering the room would have known at once that it was now a maiden's bedchamber, and had been purified by her innocent prayers, her sweet breath, and her happy thoughts. Of course we all know, as we read this, that nobody would have known anything of the kind; but to challenge such a statement is like running a walking-stick through a shadow—so you acquiesce and are pleased. Take, again, the blood-red portent in the sky in the midnight pillory-scene in the "Scarlet Letter"—does any human being ask himself, as he thrills over the whole description, whether the spectacle in the heavens was only an ordinary meteor or not? The truth is, the author throughout his work lends

* *North British Review*, No. XCVII., September, 1868. Article "Nathaniel Hawthorne."

himself to a creepy doubt on the subject; his sense of artistic fitness makes him see that the eerie, quasi-supernatural incidents cohere with the rest of the story, and so he runs them in without scruple on his own part, and without awakening any scruples on that of his readers. Yet, if the case be a grave one, he looks back for a moment, and criticises it in a dreamy way, as Eve, late in life, might have looked back upon her flight from Paradise, and wondered whether the "flaming brand" over the gate was an angel's sword or a pine tree on fire. The mystery of the fiery letter A on Arthur Dimmesdale's breast is left to the reader, with several possible solutions; and to the last, in reading the "Blithedale Romance," it seems as if Zenobia's rose had really something to do with her character. The fate that hangs over, or rather encircles, the Pyncheon romance is another example of weird colouring which shuts an imaginative reader up to some such formula as this: It *might* all be preternatural in its essence, even if it were quite scientifically explained.

This leads to another characteristic of Hawthorne: his very peculiar scepticism. This was not scepticism about God or goodness, though it assuredly was scepticism about forms of goodness. These were almost fluid to the mind of Hawthorne. He is a writer eminently unfit to consolidate any one's belief in morality considered as mere *mores*. He suggests more doubts than he resolves. Some writers do this innocently, and with an evident impression that they are doing the contrary, Mr. Charles Kingsley for example. But Hawthorne, without the smallest design to unsettle anything, doubted, and knew he doubted; saw two sides to everything, and knew that he presented them to his readers. It is probable that no man in whom imagination, sensibility, and speculative intelligence are combined in about equal proportions, along with a fair share of passional capacity, can help employing his imagination in dual or sceptical methods, though, as a speculator, he may be single-minded and direct. But Hawthorne's peculiarity was, that he had *far* less speculative than imaginative power, and that what he had of the former was not more than he could "work in" while exercising the latter. He just seized the speculative side of things, saw its wide, dim horizon, and then went and did his work in a mist, into which the mind of others naturally follows him, although it obscures and preplexes the landmarks. He sees, as a poetic observer, more than his intelligence can digest, or, perhaps,

cares to digest. Thus he discerns in life the mystery of moral growth and the relativity of moral vision; and the result is "Transformation." He discerns the working of what may be termed race-destiny, and the result is "The House of the Seven Gables." He discerns that philanthropy as a pursuit is dangerous to the character, and the result is "The Blithedale Romance." But in neither of his books is there any sign that he had made up his own mind on any of the questions that he had started and wrought into story. And there is evidence (of which we will, in a minute, produce a fragment) that he was quite deficient in speculative capacity.

It is no part of an artist's business to teach moral lessons; but if the artist have a deep and true nature, his work will inevitably contain or involve moral teaching. On whatever Hawthorne has thrown doubt, he has persistently taught one lesson. He may have left it uncertain whether he did not think sins of passion a necessary element in moral growth; but he has made quite clear his belief that no man can wilfully do what he believes to be wrong without injuring his own moral organism. "Be true, be true!" is the lesson of the "Scarlet Letter." And it is even expanded into this instruction: "Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet something from which your worst may be inferred." To this direct teaching must be added the indirect teaching of purity which is implied in Hawthorne's way of treating women and children in all his works. He is very fond of introducing them; and he is always tender, sweet, and reverential in his manner of approaching them.

As a painter of character, Hawthorne fails in one very important particular. He is always too mindful of the place the personage holds in the drama, and so too apt to let the *idée mère* of the story assert itself in what they are and what they do. The people do not, except in rare scenes, disclose themselves freely—they are dissected, and the autopsy is often so *very* successful in bringing to light the fitting thing that the illusion of the story hovers in the air, about to take wing. Thus it is, in our opinion, an excess in art, to make Pearl, the child of the love between Arthur Dimmesdale and Roger Chillingworth's wife, an inscrutable elf-child, so peculiarly compounded that a shrewd observer might guess at her parentage. This may, and does, please some people, who think it "a wonderful touch;" but there are others who find it rather forced—*too* wonderful, in fact. The same kind of fault appears else-

where, and very frequently in that extraordinary, and extraordinarily neglected, book of legends, "Mosses from an Old Manse."

If there is anything that Hawthorne might have been expected to understand from a speculative point of view, it is surely Puritanism. But in the "Scarlet Letter" he breaks down signally. In the dying scene, he makes the minister say to Hester, "It may be that when we forget our God—*when we violate our reverence for the other's soul*"—and so forth. A Puritan preacher of the seventeenth century, a believer in hereditary depravity, in the days when Quakeresses were flogged in Salem streets, talking of reverence *for the soul*! Again, in the thrilling scene in which Hester fears the magistrates are going to take away her child, we have some quaint anachronisms:—

"'I will not lose the child! Speak for me! Thou knowest—for thou hast sympathies which these men lack!—thou knowest what is in my heart, and what are a mother's rights, and how much the stronger they are when that mother has but her child and the scarlet letter! Look thou to it! I will not lose the child! Look to it!'

"'There is truth in what she says,' began the minister, with a voice sweet, tremulous, but powerful, insomuch that the hall re-echoed, and the hollow armour rang with it—'truth in what Hester says, and in the feeling which inspires her! God gave her the child, and gave her, too, an instinctive knowledge of its nature and requirements—both seemingly so peculiar, which no other mortal being can possess. And, moreover, is there not a quality of awful sacredness in the relation between this mother and this child?'

After this very unpuritanlike speech, Governor Bellingham might well be puzzled:—

"'Ay—how is that, good Master Dimmesdale?' interrupted the Governor. 'Make that plain, I pray you!'

And then comes another speech of poor Dimmesdale's, which is still less in the groove:—

"'Oh, not so!—not so!' continued Mr. Dimmesdale. 'She recognises, believe me, the solemn miracle which God hath wrought in the existence of that child. And she may feel, too, what methinks is the very truth, that this boon was meant, above all things else, to keep the mother's soul alive, and to preserve her from blacker depths of sin into which Satan might else have sought to plunge her! Therefore it is good for this poor, sinful woman that she hath an *infant immortality*, a being capable of eternal joy or sorrow, confided to her care—to be

trained up by her to righteousness—to remind her at every moment of her fall, but yet to teach her, as it were by the Creator's sacred pledge, that, if she bring the child to heaven, the child also will bring its parent thither! Herein is the sinful mother happier than the sinful father. For Hester Prynne's sake, then, and no less for the poor child's sake, let us leave them as Providence hath seen fit to place them!'

An "infant immortality"! The existence of a baby born as Pearl was "a solemn miracle wrought by God"! Here are puritanisms with a vengeance. But they are not so wild as some speeches of Arthur and Hester, when they meet in the forest. Recoiling with unfathomable horror from the sin of old Roger Chillingworth, who has been groping for years, in cold blood, in the very heart and soul of the man who had loved his wife and detached her from him, they say not only what is true, that the old man's sin was greater than their own, but also,—"*what we did had a consecration of its own—we said so at the time*"! Could any Puritan divine possibly have spoken thus in the days of Governor Bellingham? If Hawthorne had been himself Pearl's father, *he* would undoubtedly have said something of the kind; and the conflict between the sacredness of love, and the institutions by which society is supposed to fence it round, is a subject which one can easily see has troubled him. At the close of the "Scarlet Letter" there is the following striking and significant passage:—

"Women, more especially, in the continually-recurring trials of wounded, wasted, wronged, misplaced, or erring and sinful passion, or with the dreary burden of a heart unyielded, because unvalued and untaught, came to Hester's cottage, demanding why they were so wretched, and what the remedy. Hester comforted and counselled them as best she might. She assured them, too, of her firm belief, that, at some brighter period, when the world should have grown ripe for it, in Heaven's own time, *a new truth would be revealed in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness*. Earlier in life, Hester had vainly imagined that she herself might be the destined prophetess, but had long since recognised the impossibility that any mission of Divine and mysterious truth should be confided to a woman stained with sin, bowed down with shame, or even burdened with a lifelong sorrow. The angel and apostle of the coming revelation must be a woman, indeed, but lofty, pure, and beautiful, and wise; moreover, not through dusky grief, but the ethereal medium of joy, and showing how sacred love should make us happy, by the truest test of a life successful to such an end."

We may close these desultory notes by adding that this passage appears to have attracted the attention and admiration of the late F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, who copied part of it into his diary, but, oddly enough, appended to it the name of Mr. Arthur Helps.

From The Saturday Review.

THE SEA.

PERSONS who consider that whatever is right will naturally sympathize with the eulogies occasionally pronounced upon the ocean. They will indulge in rhapsodies after the manner of M. Michelet, dilating upon its wonders, its beauties, and the many benefits which it confers upon humankind. Although they may possibly be right, we are all at times apt to agree rather with the philosopher who wished that he could have been consulted at the creation of the universe. If that gentleman had made a few sea voyages, and if his advice had been taken, we should probably have had a world without an ocean. When a man has been at sea for a few days, he begins to ask with some bitterness what is the good of all this weary waste of waters. Sailors, it is said, generally grow up to hate their profession, which indeed is redeemed to the imaginations of landsmen merely by the dignity of danger. It is precisely the chance of being drowned which makes the floating prison more agreeable than its terrestrial counterpart. But the harmless passenger, who has no more influence upon the ship's safety than a bale of goods, and cannot flatter himself into the smallest conviction of his own heroism, has no such consolation to enjoy. To him the problem of the final cause of the sea grows daily more inscrutable. Assuming, in order to take the extreme case, that he knows not what it is to be seasick, supposing that he can get up in the morning after a night passed in a fetid atmosphere and struggle with a drunken set of furniture without a sensation of squeamishness, that he can eat his meals in defiance of tempests, and smoke on sea with as much equanimity as on shore, he is still without positive sources of happiness. Every one knows the misery of waiting for a train at a railway station, pacing the platform wearily, and occasionally turning in at the refreshment room to feast upon stale buns. The passenger on a long voyage has precisely the same situation prolonged for days or weeks. The chief differences are

that the platform reels to and fro, that it is continually damp and pervaded by noisome smells, and that the waiting-room is inconceivably close. The food may perhaps be better, as indeed the imagination refuses to picture anything worse than the stale victuals which lurk under flyblown covers at a so-called refreshment room; on the other hand, from sheer *ennui* one is generally driven to partake of ship meals to excess, which is rarely the case at the railway. But in both the prevailing sense is one of prolonged waiting and intolerable monotony. It is sufficient to recall the enthusiasm excited by the distant sight of the back fin of a shark, to obtain a measure for the utter mental prostration of most travellers by sea. Two or three topics may be urged by way of consolation. It is, for example, not unfrequently asserted that the sea is beautiful; the advantage of such assertions is that the person who denies them may be held simply to avow his own insensibility. Yet, in general, we may hold it to be demonstrable that no object in nature is on the whole less beautiful than the sea. This will appear after clearing away two or three common prejudices. Water is, of course, necessary as an element in a beautiful landscape, and it has been hastily inferred that you cannot have too much of it. Nothing can be less true. If from the Lake of Lucerne we took away Mount Pilate and the Righi, and, in short, all its shores, where would be the beauty of the lake? Would any one travel a mile to see it? The one remaining beauty would be in the colour of the water and the form of the waves. Now the pleasure which any one but a painter can take in colour pure and simple is generally limited; and even a painter must confess that in the deep sea the colouring is monotonous, and in ordinary weather far from brilliant. The wretched little ups and downs called waves have received exaggerated praise. A heavy surf may indeed do much to set off the beauty of a fine cliff, but at a distance from the shore the wave of real life is an almost contemptible object. The phrase about mountain waves cannot conceal the fact that at most they would be insignificant undulations on land, and that they are rarely able, with the help of the wind, to knock to pieces so delicate a machine as a ship. If anything, the ocean is perhaps grandest in a perfect calm, when its effect is not frittered away by subdivision into petty mounds and ridges. Yet, even at its best, the effect is poor as compared with that of a great plain. The view of a distant line of hills, or often of a cathedral

spire, often gives to such a plain the dignity which arises from the suggestion of limitless expanse; and in travelling along the most featureless of European steppes or American prairies there are some objects to serve more or less as milestones, and so to help the imagination to realize the distance traversed. But the circle visible from the deck of a ship has a radius of not more than some five or six miles, and there is no visible proof that the view is not always bounded by the same identical horizon. The waves might, for anything that appears, be like the fifty elephants which some Eastern potentate caused to be driven round in a circle so as to delude his visitors with the appearance of an indefinite multitude; their number impresses us no more than the bars in his revolving cage ought to impress a squirrel. Day after day we see the same succession of objects, with enough variation to make us sick at one time and to leave our dinners at another, but yet varying within singularly narrow limits. In short, when regarded with dispassionate eyes, we fear it is impossible to deny that the sea is a monotonous and singularly commonplace object, excepting always the cases in which it serves as an admirable background to fine coast scenery. But why there should be so much sea out of sight of land is a problem which to our present understandings must be abandoned as inscrutable.

The more practical question remains, of the best means of lowering our intellects into harmony with our circumstances. The first condition to be desired is of course to subordinate the spiritual as much as possible to the physical nature. The models which nature sets before us are the jellyfish, as an embodiment of the purest indolence; or, for persons of more irrepressible spirits, the porpoise, which is invariably in a state of rollicking conviviality about nothing at all. An animal which can be constantly throwing somersaults in the dulness of the deep sea conveys a more useful moral than the busy bee or other favourites of our childhood's moralists. There are generally to be found on board ship a few persons who seek relief in affecting, and perhaps at times in really manifesting, a noisy exhilaration—in bad puns and small practical jokes, and some of those conventional symptoms of high spirits which pass muster amongst a dreary company. Persons of more normal temperament will find it easier to adopt the opposite alternative. They will linger lovingly over meals, and lie in their berths as late as is compatible with breakfast. At other times they will

cultivate the frame of mind appropriate to the inter-sermonic spaces of a Scotch Sabbath, when the native peasant discovers a congenial form of amusement in calmly spitting over a bridge. The genuine sailor can be perfectly happy in a waking doze, or in pacing backwards and forwards with as many thoughts as the Polar bear at the Zoological Gardens. The passenger who has had the misfortune of a tolerable education, and therefore suffers from occasional intellectual cravings, must seek for some kind of spiritual opium. The particular nature of the dram will of course vary according to his idiosyncrasy. Playing cards, although the most obvious resource, is open to two or three obvious objections. Few people can spend their whole time without impatience in playing cards, and the amusement generally involves confinement to the stifling air of the cabin. It is better to sit on deck with some printed matter having the outward semblance of a book. The most popular and obvious prescription is a volume of sermons, and the benevolence of some steam-boat proprietors has made ample provision of such spiritual sedatives. But, as a rule, the dose requires a little sweetening. Most persons, from habit, shrink too much from the sight of such a medicine to be capable of taking it kindly. The mind's stomach instinctively rejects it. The choice will generally lie between a solid history, which has the merit of flattering the patient into the belief that he is doing a virtuous action, and a novel of the maundering domestic school—one of those admirable performances which seek to flavour a diary with a dash of the sermon. The mind is thus, as it were, pleasantly tickled without being roused into over-activity. And it may be wise occasionally to take a few turns upon deck, or play the lively game of shovel-board with a strict view to the improvement of the appetite.

The fact that morality is subject to certain geographical limitations is well known, though not often avowed. Upon the sea, the duty of hard labour may be said to become inoperative. The duty of bearing Christian charity would, on the contrary, almost appear to be inverted. When one is forced into social relations by the forcible means of being locked up together in a big box, it is unnecessary to maintain the bond by more spiritual means. One has necessarily so many interests in common with one's fellow-passengers that it is permissible to indulge to some extent in the pleasures of malevolence, harmless because they cannot lead to any rupture. Now it is very

strange if a large proportion of our companions are not persons who in many ways shock our prejudices. Their nationality, their habits of eating, drinking, and clothing, their manners and customs, and, if we are fortunate, such waifs and strays of scandal as may have stuck by them, will all give room for backbiting and slander. It gives additional piquancy to the pursuit that on board ship there is a constant probability that everything said will be overheard, and thus to the ordinary pleasure of spreading evil report is added a kind of sporting flavour; we snatch a fearful joy when speak-

ing ill of our neighbour so very soon after his back is turned. In a long voyage this resource gradually dries up, and there must come in time a period when every one knows what every one can say about everybody else, and all the comments that can ensue. Persons have been known to come home from such trials with tempers unspoil, and intellects enriched; but it must, we should imagine, be the secret hope of most companions in a long voyage that for some time to come they may see as little as possible of each other, till they have, so to speak, got the taste out of their mouths.

From The Spectator.

A LARK'S FLIGHT.

I.

In the quiet city park,
Between the dawn and the dark,
Loud and clear,
That all may hear,
Sings the Lark.

II.

And beyond the low black line
Of trees the dawn peeps red,
And clouds blow woolly and fine
In the blue lift overhead;
And out of the air is shaken
A fresh and glistening dew,
And the city begins to waken
And tremble thro' and thro';
Now, while thro' street and lane
The people pour again,
And lane and alley and street
Grow hoarse to a sound of feet,
Here and there
A human shape comes, dark
Against the cool white air,
Flitting across the park:—
While over the shadowy green,
Singing his "Hark, oh! hark!"
Hovering, hovering, dimly seen,
Rises the Lark.

III.

"Mystery! O mystery!"
Clear he sings to lightening day.
"Mystery! O mystery!"
Up into the air with me,
Come away, come away!"

IV.

Who is she that, wan and white,
Shivering in the chilly light,
Shadeth weary eyes to see
Him who makes the melody?
She is nameless, she is dull,
She has ne'er been beautiful,
She is stain'd in brain and blood,

Gross with mire, and foul with mud,—
Thing of sorrow, what knows she
Of the mighty mystery?

V.

The Lark sing's low,
"The city is dull and mean,
There is woe, woe, woe,
Never a soul is clean;
The city is dark, the wrong is deep,
Too late to moan, too late to weep,
Tired, tired! sleep, sleep!"

VI.

Who is he, the stooping one,
Smiling coldly in the sun,
Arms behind him lightly thrown,
Pacing up and down alone?
'Tis the great philosopher,
Smoothly wrapt in coat of fur,
Soothly pondering, manwit wise,
At his morning exercise.
He has weigh'd the winds and floods,
He is rich in gathered goods,
He is crafty, and can prove
God is Brahma Christ nor Jove,
He is mighty, and his soul
Flits about from pole to pole,
Chasing signs of God about,
In a pleasant kind of doubt,—
What to help the mystery,
Sings the Lark to such as he?

VII.

The Lark cries,
"Praise to Nature's plan!
Year on year she plies
Her toil of sun and skies,
Till the beast flowers up in man;
Lord of effect and cause,
Pallid and proud stalks he,
Till the Voice in the cloud cries, 'Pause!'
And he pauses bitterly
On the verge of the mystery."

VIII.

O, loud and clear, that all may hear,
Rising higher, with "Hark, oh! hark!"

Higher, higher, higher, higher,
 Quivering as the dull red fire
 Of dawn grows brighter, cries the Lark;
 And they who listen there while he
 Singeth loud of mystery,
 Interpret him in undertone
 With a meaning of their own,
 Measuring his melody
 By their own souls' quality.

IX.

Tall and stately, fair and sweet,
 Walketh maiden Marguerite,
 Musing there on maid and man,
 In sweet mood patrician.
 To all she sees her eyes impart
 The colour of a maiden heart,
 Heart's chastity is on her face,
 She scents the air with nameless grace,
 And where she goes, with heart astir,
 Colour and motion follow her.

X.

What should the singer sing
 Unto so sweet a thing,
 But "Oh! my love loves me!
 And the love I love best is guarding the nest,
 While I cheer her merrily,—
 Come up high! come up high! to a cloud in
 the sky!
 And sing of your soul with me!"

XI.

Elbows on the grassy green,
 Scowling face his palms between,
 Judd the cracksmen meditates
 Treason deep against his mates;
 For his great hands itch to hold
 Both the pardon and the gold;
 Still he listens unaware,
 Scowling round with sullen stare,
 Gnawing at his under lip,
 Pond'ring friends and fellowship,
 Thinking of a friendly thing
 Done to him in suffering,
 And of happy days and free
 Spent in that rough companie;
 Till he seeks the bait no more,—
 And the Lark is conqueror.

XII.

For the Lark says plain,
 "Who sells his friend is mean;
 Better hang than drain
 The cursed gold of the Queen—
 A whip for the rogue who'd tell
 The lives of his pals away—
 Better the rope and the cell!
 Better the devils of Hell!
 Come away! come away!"

XIII.

O Lark! O Lark!
 Up, up! for it is light,

The souls stream out of the dark,
 And the city's spires gleam bright;
 The world, the world, is awake again,
 Each wanders on his way,
 The wonderful waters break again
 In the white and perfect day.
 Nay! nay! descend not yet,
 But higher, higher, higher,
 Up thro' the air and wet,
 Thy wings in the solar fire!
 There, hovering in ecstasy,
 Sing, "Mystery, O mystery!"

XIV.

O Lark! O Lark! hadst thou the might
 Beyond the clouds to wing thy way,
 To sing and soar in wondrous flight,
 It might be well for men this day.
 Beyond that cloud there is a zone,
 And in that zone there is a land,
 And in that land, upon a throne,
 A mighty Spirit sits alone,
 With musing cheek upon his hand.
 And all is still and all is sweet,
 Around the silence of his seat;
 Beneath the waves of wonder flow,
 And coolly on his hands and feet
 The years melt down as falling snow.

XV.

O Lark! O Lark!
 Up! for thy wings are strong;
 While the day is breaking,
 And the city is waking,
 Sing a song of wrong—
 Sing of the weak man's tears,
 Of the strong man's agony,
 The passion, the hopes, the fears,
 The heaped-up pain of the years,
 The terrible mystery.
 O Lark! we might rejoice,
 Could'st reach that distant land,
 For we cannot hear His voice,
 And we often miss His hand;
 And the heart of each is ice
 To the kiss of sister and brother;
 And we see that one man's vice
 Is the virtue of another;
 Yes, each that hears thee sing
 Translates thy song to speech,
 And, lo! the rendering
 Is so different with each.
 The mighty are oppressed,
 The foul man winneth best,
 Wherever we seek, our gain
 Is bitter, and salt with pain.
 In one soft note and long
 Gather our sense of wrong—
 Rise up, O Lark! from the clod,
 Up, up, with soundless wings,—
 Rise up to God! rise up, rise up, to God!
 Tell Him these things!

From The Saturday Review.

MÉSALLIANCES.

THE French system of parents arranging the marriage of their children without the consent of the girl even being asked, but assumed as granted, is not so wholly monstrous as many people in England believe. It seems to be founded on the idea that, given a young girl who has been kept shut up from all possibility of forming the most shadowy attachment for any man whatsoever, and present to her as her husband a sufficiently well-endowed and nice-looking man, with whom come liberty, pretty dresses, balls, admiration, and social standing, the chances are that she will love him and live with him in tolerable harmony to the end of the chapter; and this idea is by no means wholly beside the truth, as we find it in practice. The parents, who are better judges of character and circumstances than the daughter can possibly be, are supposed to take care that their future son-in-law is up to their standard, whatever that may be, and that the connexion is not of a kind to bring discredit on their house; and on this, and the joint income, as the solid bases, they build the not very unreasonable hypothesis that one man is as good as another for the satisfaction of a quite untouched and virginal fancy, and that suitable external conditions go further and last longer than passion. They trust to the force of instinct to make all square with the affections, while they themselves arrange for the smooth running of the social circumstances; and they are not far out in their calculations. The young people of the two lonely lighthouse islands, who made love to each other through telescopes, are good examples of the way in which instinct simulates the impulse which calls itself love when there are two or three instead of one to look at; for we may be quite sure that had the lighthouse island youth been John instead of James, fair instead of dark, garrulous instead of reticent, short and fat instead of tall and slender, the lighthouse island girl would have loved him all the same, and would have quite believed that this man was the only man she ever could have loved, and that her instinctive gravitation was her free choice. The French system of marriage, then, based on this accommodating instinct, works well for women who are not strongly individual, not inconstant by temperament, and not given to sentimentality. But, seeing that all women are not merely negative, and that passions and affections do sometimes assert themselves inconveniently, the system has had the effect of

making society lenient to the little follies of married women, unless too strongly pronounced — partly because the human heart insists on a certain amount of free will, which fact must be recognised; but partly, we must remember, because of the want of the young-lady element in society. In England, where our girls are let loose early, we have free-trade in flirting; consequently, we think that all that sort of thing ought to be done with before marriage, and that, when once a woman has made her choice and put her neck under the yoke, she ought to stick to her bargain, and loyally fulfil her self-imposed engagement.

One consequence of this free-trade in flirting and this large amount of personal liberty is that love-marriages are more frequent with us than with the French, with whom indeed, in the higher classes, they are next to impossible; and, unfortunately, the corollary to this is that love-marriages are too often *mésalliances*. There is of course no question, ethically, between virtuous vulgarity and refined vice. A groom who smells of the stable, and who speaks broad Somersetshire or racier Cumberland, but who is brave, faithful, honest, incapable of a lie, or meanness in any form, is a better man than the best-bred gentleman whose life is as vicious as his soul is mean. The most undeniable taste in dress, and the most correct pronunciation, would scarcely reconcile us to cruelty, falsehood, or cowardice; and yet we do not know a father who would prefer to give his girl to the groom, and who would think horny-handed virtue, dressed in fustian and smelling of the stables, the fitter husband of the two. If we take the same case out of our own time and circumstances, we have no doubt as to the choice to be made. It seems to us a very little matter that honest Charicles should tell his love to Aglaë in the broad Doric tongue instead of in the polished Athenian accents to which she was accustomed; that he should wear his chiton a hand's breadth too long or a span too short; that his chlamys should be flung across his brawny chest in a way which the young bloods of the time thought ungraceful; or that, as he assisted at a symposium, he should not hold the rhyton at quite the proper angle, but in a fashion at which the refined Cleon laughed as he nudged his neighbour. Yet all these conventional solecisms, of no account whatever now, would have weighed heavily against poor Charicles when he went to demand Aglaë's hand; and the balance would probably have gone down in favour of that scampish Cleon, who was an Athenian of the Athenians, perfect

in all the graces of the age, but not to be compared to his rival in anything that makes a man noble or respectable. We, who read only from a distance, and do not see, think that Aglaë's father made a mistake, and that the honestest man would have been the better choice of the two. It is only when we bring the same circumstances home to ourselves that we realize the immense importance of the social element; and how, in this complex life of ours, we are unable to move in a single line independent of all its touches. Imagine a fine old country family with a son-in-law who ate peas with his knife, said "you was" and "they is," and came down to dinner in a shooting-jacket and a blue bird's-eye tied in a wisp about his throat! He might be possessor of all imaginable virtues, and, if occasion required, a very hero and a *preux chevalier*, however rough; but occasions in which a man can be a hero or a *preux chevalier* are rare, whereas dinner comes every day, and the senses are never shut. The core within a conventionally ungainly envelope may be as sound as is possible to a corrupt humanity, but social life requires manners as well as principles; and though eating peas with a knife is not so bad as telling falsehoods, still we should all agree in saying, Give us truth that does not eat peas with its knife, let us have honesty in a dress coat and pure-heartedness in a clean shirt, seeing that there is no absolute necessity for these several things to be disunited.

Love-marriages, made against the will of the parents before the character is formed, and while the obligations to society are still unrealized, are generally *mésalliances* based on passion and fancy only. A man or woman of a mature age who knows what he or she wants may make a *mésalliance*, but it is made with a full understanding and deliberate choice; and if the thing turns out badly, they can blame themselves less for precipitancy than for wrong calculation. The man of fifty who marries his cook knows what he most values in women. It is not manners, and it is not accomplishments; perhaps it is usefulness, perhaps good-temper; at all events it is something that the cook has and that the ladies of his acquaintance have not, and he is content to take the disadvantages of his choice with its advantages. But the boy who runs away with his mother's maid neither calculates nor sees any disadvantages. He marries a pretty girl because her beauty has touched his senses, or he is got hold of by an artful woman who has bamboozled and seduced him. It is only when his passion has worn off that he wakes to the full consequences of his mistake, and

understands then how right his parents were when they cashiered his pretty Jane as soon as they became aware of what was going on, and sent that artful Sarah to the right about—just a week too late. It is the same with girls; but in a far greater extent. If a youth's *mésalliance* is a millstone round his neck for life, a girl's is simply destruction. The natural instinct with all women is to marry above themselves; and we know on what physiological basis this instinct stands, and what useful social ends it serves. And the natural instinct is as true in its social as in its physiological expression. A woman's honour is in her husband; her status, her social life, are determined by his; and even the few women who, having made a bad marriage, have nerve and character enough to set themselves free from the personal association, are never able to thoroughly regain their maiden place. There is always something about them that clogs and fetters them, always a kind of aura of a doubtful and depressing kind that surrounds and influences them. If they have not strength to free themselves, they never cease to feel the mistake they have made, until the old sad process of degeneration is accomplished, and the "grossness of his nature" has had strength to drag her down. After a time, if her ladyhood has been of a superficial kind only, a woman who has married beneath herself may ease down into her groove, and be like the man she has married; if, however, she has sufficient force to resist outside influences she will not sink, but she will never cease to suffer. She has sinned against herself, her class, and her natural instincts; and so has done substantially a worse thing than the boy who has married his mother's maid. Society understands this, and, not unjustly, if harshly, punishes the one while it lets the other go scot-free; so that the woman who makes a *mésalliance* suffers on every side, and destroys her life almost as much as the woman who goes wrong. All this is as evident to parents and elders as that the sun shines. They understand the imperative needs of social life, and they know how fleeting the passions of youth are, and how they fade by time and use and inharmonious conditions; and they feel that their first duty to their children is to prevent a *mésalliance* which has nothing, and can have nothing, but passion for its basis. But novelists and poets are against the hard dull dictates of worldly wisdom, and join in the apotheosis of love at any cost—all for love and the world well lost; love in a cottage, with nightingales and honeysuckles as the chief means of paying the rent; Libusa and her

ploughman; the princess and the swineherd, &c. And the fathers who stand out against the ruin of their girls by means of estimable men of inferior condition and with not enough to live on, are stony-hearted and cruel, while the daughters who take to cold poison in the back-garden, if they cannot compass a secret honeymoon or an open flight, have all the sympathy and none of the censure. The cruel parent is the favourite whipping-boy of poetry and fiction; and yet which is likely to be the better guide—reason or passion? experience or ignorance? calculation or impulse? the maturity which can judge, or the youth which can only feel? There would be no hesitation in any other case than that of love, but the love instinct is generally considered to be superior to every other consideration, and to be obeyed as a divine voice, no matter at what cost or consequence.

The ideal of life, according to some, is founded on early marriages. But men are slower in the final setting of their character than women, and one never knows how a young fellow of twenty or so will turn out. If he is devout now, he may be an infidel at forty; if, under home influences, he is temperate and pure, when these are withdrawn he may become a rake of the fastest kind. His temper, morals, business power, ability to resist temptation, all are as yet inchoate and undefined; nothing is sure; and the girl's fancy that makes him perfect in proportion to his good looks, is a mere instinct

determined by chance association. A girl, too, has more character to come out than she has shown in her girlhood. Though she sets sooner than men, she does not set unalterably, and marriage and maternity bring out the depths of her nature as nothing else can. It is only common sense, then, to marry her to a man whose character is already somewhat formed, rather than to one who is still fluid and floating. It is all very well to talk of fighting the battle of life together, and welding together by time. Many a man has been ruined by these detestable metaphors. The theory, partly true and partly pretty, is good enough in its degree; and, so far as the welding goes, we weld together in almost all things by time. We wear our shoe till we wear it into shape and it ceases to pinch us; but in the process we go through a vast deal of pain, and are liable to make corns that will last long after the shoe itself fits easily. We do not advocate the French system of marrying off our girls according to our own ideas of suitability, and without consulting them; but we do not the less think that, of all fatal social mistakes, *mésalliances* are the most fatal, and, in the case of women, to be avoided and prevented at any cost short of a broken heart or a premature death. And even death sometimes would be better than the life-long misery, the enduring shame and humiliation, of certain *mésalliances*.

Voices run in families quite as much as do eyes, mouths, noses, chins, tempers, capacities, complexions, hands, feet, and legs. Resemblance of thorax is transmitted from sire to son, with other congenital likelinesses, and notably with the constitution that bespeaks average length of life. Sorrowful experience will often connect the well-remembered quality of "a voice that is still" with the visible signs of declining health. The music of the tone, like the flush on the cheek, was mortal; the very *life* of the voice, the clear, bell-like ring, was the ring of death. There is now and then a strange witching in these doomed voices; and it is very painful to think that the mirth-moving accents of professed drolls have often owed their irresistible fun to disease. A certain French comedian may be said actually to have died of his comic voice. The physicians told him that the exertion of speaking would certainly hasten the climax of his malady; but to the very last he persisted in saying, "I can't help it; you really must let me go on acting; the people laugh more and

more every night." And so they did, until Manager Death gave their favourite an engagement which took him a long way from Paris.

MANY are the good things reported to have been said by the late Lord Alvanley, but I don't remember to have seen in print the following. Crockford, on retiring from the management of the Club in St. James's Street, where gambling was carried on openly for many years and large sums lost nightly, gave a farewell dinner to his patrons, at which he took the opportunity of expatiating on the good use which he had made of the wealth which he had accumulated at their expense. He told them that he had considered it as a trust. "Often had he fed the hungry" (his suppers free to all the habitués were unexceptionable), "many were the naked whom he had clothed;" then he paused for an instant, and Lord Alvanley finished the sentence for him, "and the rich he sent empty away."

From The Saturday Review.

MR. BRIGHT.

MR. BRIGHT's speeches, a collection of which has just been edited by Professor Rogers, would well deserve republication as specimens of eloquent composition, even if they were not also part of the history of the time. In a period of incessant change, tending always in the same direction, a great orator profoundly convinced of the truth of the doctrines which are from day to day passing into practice occupies an enviable position. Although no politician can be less liable than Mr. Bright to the imputation of wishing to swim with the stream, he has from the beginning of his career, with rare interruptions of casual eddies, enjoyed the advantage of moving with an irresistible current. The Corn-law was already doomed when he began to assail it, and it has long been evident that the present generation would witness a democratic change in the Constitution. The ulterior measures which Mr. Bright has long advocated will probably be adopted in rapid succession by Parliaments which are more likely to escape from the control of their leader than to oppose an obstinate resistance to his demands for progress. With the solitary exception of the Crimean war no political event has for twenty years brought Mr. Bright's political course into collision with any popular prejudices. It is an element of his singular felicity that he has had one opportunity, and no more, of exhibiting his self-relying independence. Not exempt from the violence and harshness of the demagogue, he may at least boast that he has not shrunk from denouncing general enthusiasm when it seemed to him to be founded on error. At other times he has had the multitude at his back, although he has often been one of a small minority in the House of Commons. A chief virtue inherent in the outgoing Constitution was the balance of forces which existed between customary or official authority and reserved physical force. It has been Mr. Bright's function during the greater part of his life to advocate, in a Parliament representing the educated and middle classes, the supposed interests and wishes of the bulk of the population. No living man has done so much to accelerate the admission of his clients to the direct exercise of political power. Among many claims to the confidence of his followers, Mr. Bright may urge undeviating consistency in the prosecution of definite purposes which are even now not fully attained. Like a Hebrew seer, he may also cite the fulfilment of

prophecies which, as many of his adversaries were aware, involved only questions of time. It was as certain that the constituency would sooner or later receive overwhelming additions, as that the Assyrian hordes swarming round the Northern desert would overflow into Samaria and Judæa; but the prophet who has distinctly announced the coming event may not unreasonably remind his disciples of his just prognostications. It was a more thankless, though sometimes a not less patriotic, task to oppose, with the statesmen of Lord Palmerston's school, an inert resistance to doubtful changes. In almost all his later speeches Mr. Bright good-humouredly rallies his opponents on the beneficial or harmless results of measures which they had formerly resisted. The truth is that since the repeal of the Corn-law, which was only by accident a political transaction, no organic legislation will have taken effect until the Reform Bill comes into operation. The transfer of the Indian Government from the Company to the Crown has produced few of the good or evil results which were respectively foretold by Mr. Bright and by the supporters of the old system. The projects of alterations in landed tenure, and in Irish and Indian administration, which are contained in the two volumes of collected speeches, have scarcely been taken into consideration by Parliament.

It would be difficult to overpraise the literary and rhetorical merits of Mr. Bright's speeches. Without exception they are models of clear and persuasive statement, and, unlike the desultory arguments of ordinary speakers, they are invariably cast in a single and symmetrical mould. The uniform care bestowed on the perorations, though it almost tends to mannerism, adds greatly to the effect on the understanding and on the ear of orations which always rise to a climax. The want of training in the study of the ancient languages which Mr. Bright has sometimes regretted, although it must have deprived a congenial mind of much intellectual pleasure, has not impaired the classical purity of his style. His happy quotations, his occasional use of quaint archaic phrases, and, above all, the graceful vigour of his ordinary language, prove that Mr. Bright has mastered the resources of his mother tongue. His reading, whether it has been extensive or limited, has been that of a scholar; and an orator who knows English as Demosthenes knew Greek has little reason to covet, for purposes of expression, the superfluous accomplishments of more versatile students. As in other pursuits, oratorical

success tends to reproduce and extend itself by the conscious freedom which belongs to the finished artists, and also by the deference which follows upon general recognition. A beginner, however eloquent, could not safely have attempted to thrill the House of Commons by apostrophizing, in the height of the Crimean war, the figurative personation of slaughter. "It seems as if the Angel of Death was abroad—I almost hear the beating of his wings." It was perhaps in still bolder reliance on his powers and on his just reputation that he once took the House into his confidence by speaking of the pleasure with which he went home to find "five or six little children playing on his hearth." Even when he now and then descends to broad vernacular humour Mr. Bright is never coarse. To his associates and rivals in the House of Commons he speaks sometimes in tones of warning, and even of suppressed menace; but more often he appeals to their reason, and to principles which all parties professedly admit. Out of doors, among unanimous and applauding crowds, while he argues far more loosely, and addresses himself more directly to the passions, he is always the teacher and the leader of men, and not their sycophantic flatterer. The dignity of superior intellect has never been compromised in his person. The chief fault of taste which occasionally disfigures his speeches is a habit of dilating on the sagacity and foresight which may always be plausibly claimed by the representatives of the winning side. Few of his speeches on re-examination bear the irritating character which has often caused offence when they have been delivered. A pugnacious politician, engaged in controversies of vital importance, could scarcely perhaps have deviated more rarely into angry vituperation. The vehement and bitter partisan who has edited the speeches condenses into half a dozen pages nearly as much passionate injustice to opponents as that which Mr. Bright has spread over two volumes.

Thoroughgoing admirers will, by an easy fallacy, assume that perfect art implies political infallibility; but Mr. Bright's services to his country have been neither indisputable nor unmixed, and the soundness of his opinions is often questionable. His panacea for Indian grievances, consisting in the separation of the Empire into reciprocally independent provinces, has never been tried, nor has it been approved by any authority on Indian affairs. The scheme of buying up large Irish estates, to resell to occupying tenants, though unobjectionable on political grounds, is regarded by dispa-

sionate economists as a chimera. His most considerable achievement has been the reform of the representative system, to which no other politician has contributed so largely. His arguments, while the question was still unsettled, tended to extreme democracy, although it is believed that Mr. Disraeli's Bill, as it was finally passed, exceeded his wishes as well as his expectations. For several years he had reiterated the complaint that five or six millions of grown-up men were excluded from the suffrage, as if for the purpose of inferring that the redress of the grievance must be co-extensive with the limits of disfranchisement. It appears to have been Mr. Bright's real opinion that the constituency ought to be increased, but that it should still bear a select and representative character. The declamation which dealt with the suffrage as a natural and universal right can scarcely have been sincere, and it was undoubtedly dangerous. During two or three seasons of agitation Mr. Bright again and again dilated on the unjust distribution of representative power, by which a comparatively small proportion was awarded to populous and wealthy towns. Such, he said, is the number of inhabitants, so enormous is the rateable assessment, such and such amounts are contributed to the Income-tax; yet petty boroughs, with few residents, contributing a mere fraction of taxes, enjoy the same Parliamentary power which is awarded to Manchester or Liverpool. It would have been more candid to exclude from consideration every element of the problem except numerical preponderance. If taxation and wealth have any claim to representation, a rich man derives no advantage from the possession of electoral power by his penniless neighbour. The owners of property and the payers of Income-tax in great cities were represented, if at all, by the members for counties and small boroughs, while the nominees of the great constituencies legitimately expressed the wishes of the ten-pound householders or the artisans. It is not, however, an extraordinary slur on the reputation of a great popular leader that he has been sometimes illogical and unfair. It was a graver fault to invoke the aid of the London mob, in 1866, to overcome the hesitation of Parliament. The assemblages which afterwards indulged in riot and intimidation, under the guidance of Mr. Beales, were first proposed by Mr. Bright. It is probable that no more direct means of effecting his object could have been devised, nor have the mob meetings thus far led to formidable excesses; but, in inviting the rab-

ble of the metropolis to dictate the policy of the House of Commons, Mr. Bright struck a formidable blow at constitutional liberty. The Imperial system in France has only been rendered possible by the triumphs of Parisian Bealeses in 1789, in 1793, and in 1848. If the future Parliament proves strong enough to repress similar demonstrations of force, household suffrage will have gone far towards justifying itself.

It is desirable, as well as inevitable, that Mr. Bright should become a member of the next Cabinet, although it may be difficult to find a department in which he will not have pledged himself to doubtful or impracticable innovations. The vast power which he wields ought to be used in the direct business of administration, and not in opposing or controlling a Government from outside. Official responsibility may perhaps lead him to reconsider some of the doctrines which he has at different times propagated, to the alarm of moderate politicians and of owners of property. Ten years ago he insisted that taxation should be almost exclusively imposed on accumu-

lated wealth, while political power was, as at present, to be vested in that part of the population which lives by labour. But he will probably not interfere in financial affairs with Mr. Gladstone, who still adheres to the orthodox creed of political economy. The social measure which Mr. Bright deems most desirable is the assimilation of the law of inheritance of real property to the rule which provides for the succession to personality. The experiment will probably be unsuccessful if it stand alone, but in itself it is not obviously unreasonable. It is doubtful whether Mr. Bright will at any future time care to attract the confidence of the classes and parties to which he has long been bitterly opposed; but when revolutionary measures are proposed, he is not incapable of being influenced by an imaginative reverence for historical institutions. To England, "the mother of Parliaments," "the august mother of free institutions," "the country which he loves so well," he cherishes genuine devotion, which is not exclusively contingent on the destruction of all the habits and modes of thought that have hitherto been characteristic of the country.

MR. DICKENS announces in the current number of *All the Year Round* that the present series of that journal will be brought to a close with the number for the 28th of November, and that on the 5th of December he will publish No. I. of a new series, with the old writers, and as many fresh recruits as time may bring him. *All the Year Round* has now been going on for nearly ten years (it began in April, 1859), and on the day appointed for the extinction of its first series it will have completed its twentieth volume. Of *Household Words* there were eighteen volumes, extending from 1850 to 1859. The conductors of *All the Year Round* have wisely come to the conclusion that new subscribers are not likely to begin taking in a periodical which drags such a heavy weight of back numbers behind it. Experience shows that most publications of the miscellany order fall off in sale after a certain number of years, and that nothing can galvanize them back to their original vitality. It is therefore very good policy to start afresh, and we think Mr. Dickens would have acted even more judiciously in setting up an entirely new periodical, with a distinct name. We perceive that he talks of changes in the size of the page, and improvements in the printing, paper, &c. To alter the size of the page seems to us a mistake, as it will prevent the new series ranging with the old; and as to the printing and paper, we hope Mr. Dickens is not going to give in to the fashionable affectation of sham old type and "toned" or tinted paper. At the conclusion of the first series a general index to the whole twenty volumes will be published, and it would be difficult to find a more entertaining

work than we shall possess in those ten years of *All the Year Round*. One announcement, however, many will read with regret. The Christmas Extra Number is to be given up, though "at the highest tide of its success," Mr. Dickens fearing that, after so many repetitions and imitations, it runs great danger of becoming tiresome. Certainly the main idea has been worked rather threadbare; but we have been accustomed for so many years to associate Mr. Dickens with Christmas that the season will seem strange without him. Mr. Dickens says he himself regrets his own decision, and we are sure his readers will regret it still more.

WHICH is correct—learning by heart, or learning by art? The former is the usual expression; but it is by no means clear that it conveys the intended meaning. He who impresses words or sentences or aught else upon his brain by rote, as it is called, uses some acquired or instinctive trick of mnemonics for the purpose. Schoolboys, actors, singers, and their likes, have various artifices for committing matters to memory, and their learning is by art; the heart has nothing to do with it. If learning by heart means anything at all, it certainly signifies a principle the very opposite of that it is used to designate—the profound acquirement of knowledge, the understanding of facts and experiences without regard to the symbols by which they are presented to the mind.

THE NEW EXPEDITIONS TO THE NORTH POLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

SINCE steam has opened a way for itself through mountains and seas, and iron roads have furrowed the surface of the globe, people imagine willingly that man has taken possession of his domain, that he knows all its devious ways. At intervals, however, some great exploring project recalls to us what remains to be done. The interior of two continents is still enveloped in mystery, the extremities of the world, the two poles where night and day divide the year into two equal portions, are not yet unveiled for human eyes. There, problems exist of which the solution will not probably be obtained but at the price of great efforts and of great sacrifices. The question here is not to discover gold mines, not to conquer fertile countries; it is to fight the unknown, to render the entire globe subject to man. Is not this an object worthy of tempting the courage of the boldest, an aim proposed to the emulation of all peoples?

The attempts which have been made to reach the poles are numerous. We shall not repeat the names of all the navigators who have perished in these frozen parts, or who have been obliged to return, arrested by insurmountable obstacles. What it behooves us to indicate is the incontestable progress which is to be remarked in the results of the successive expeditions, a progress which allows us to conceive the possibility of a complete success. Thus Cook returned from the austral seas with the conviction that no ship would ever go beyond the latitude of 71°; Weddell reached the 74th, and Ross penetrated through icebergs into the open sea where he attained the parallel of 78° of south latitude, even without the help of steam. At the North Pole, the discoveries of Parry, of Kane, of Hayes, have sensibly extended the limits of the known, and justified the hope that in a future not far off the arctic regions will have no more mystery for us. Several projects of polar expeditions have been seriously proposed and discussed in these last years. The readers of the *Revue* still remember the exposition which M. Charles Martins has given of the English project, of which Captain Sherard Osborn was the principal promoter, and of that of the learned German geographer A. Petermann, which has just obtained a commencement of execution. We shall confine ourselves to giving a brief summary of them before exposing the considerations on which M. Gustave Lambert

rests for choosing another way and other means.

For Captain Osborn, the North Pole is an immense cap of ice broken here and there by accidental *crevasses* which close completely at the approach of the great colds. The vast sheets of open water which Morton and Hayes have met with in the North-west, the polar sea which Admiral Wrangel has discovered at the north of Siberia, would exist then only at certain epochs, and there would be no other serious chance of reaching the pole besides that which would be offered by an expedition in sledges tried during the winter season. Starting from an English port with two ships and a crew of a hundred and twenty men, Captain Osborn would leave one of his ships and twenty-five sailors at Cape Isabel, while with the others he would gain Cape Parry. Assured thus of a refuge in case of disaster, he would choose the most courageous and most tried of his companions to set out on his journey towards the middle of February. The space which separates Cape Parry from the pole is five hundred miles, which makes about a thousand miles going and returning; this long distance Captain Osborn pretends to accomplish in sixty days in stages of ten miles a day. This project, at first favorably received by the English admiralty, lost many partizans from the day that Doctor Petermann attacked it by opposing to it a second project, based on the probable existence of a free sea around the pole. Without this intervention, which had for its result the dividing the English sailors into two camps, the project of Sherard Osborn would have been perhaps put into execution.

M. Petermann, as we have said, believes in a polar sea. According to him, the idea of going to the pole in a sledge must be completely set aside; such an expedition would always have the fate of that which Parry attempted in 1827; it may be remembered that the ice glided away under him and carried him back to the south while with great difficulty he advanced in the direction of the north. M. Petermann is then of the opinion that the pole can only be reached by sea, at the moment of the breaking up of the ice. By following the direction of the gulf-stream, the current of warm water which passes round the north of Europe, he would have the vessels of the expedition launched between the floating icebergs of Spitzbergen and Nova-Zembla, because on this side the danger is less great than at Smith's Strait. On this route, one would be certain, he says, to find the sea free above 83° and 84°. In support of this

assertion, he cites the legend of some Dutch whalemén who pretended to have navigated this sea. This is not, it must be confessed, the serious side of the argument of the celebrated geographer of Gotha, for some of these whalemén, to be more sure of having reached the pole, pretended also that they had gone some degrees beyond it.

Thanks to the incessant efforts of Doctor Petermann, the German expedition left Bergen in Norway in the month of May last, under the command of Captain Ch. Koldewey. The lieutenant's name is Hildebrandt; a pilot and thirteen Bremen sailors compose the rest of the crew. The vessel, which bears the name of *Germania*, is only 80 tons burthen. It is quite new, and has been bought and equipped at Bergen. This modest expedition, but animated with a strong will, will first try to reach the eastern coast of Greenland, above 74° latitude, touch at Sabine Island, and then follow the coast to enter the polar sea, and leave it, if possible, by Behring's Straits, which separate America from Siberia. If the expedition cannot penetrate beyond Spitzbergen, it will undertake explorations in Gillis's Land, situated further east: the *Germania* carries provisions for a year. At the end of July, news has been received of this expedition; the ship was entangled in a field of icebergs and completely arrested in its progress, as might have been expected. A little while since, a Swedish expedition has also set out in search of the pole, following the route Parry indicated in 1827. Would it not be time to make a last effort to permit the French expedition to hasten its departure? We are going to set forth the chances of success which the French project seems to offer, and to explain the reasons which justify the choice of the route by which M. Gustave Lambert proposes to try the access to the boreal pole.

M. Lambert, hydrographer and navigator, an old pupil of the *École Polytechnique*, has already visited the places where he wishes to conduct the expedition he is preparing. Leaving Havre on board of a ship equipped for the whale fishery the 12th June, 1865, he passed Behring's Straits to advance to the 72^{nd} degree of north latitude, and during three months, in the midst of icebergs, he has been able to study on the spot the formidable problem which he desires to-day to face. M. Gustave Lambert has fixed his choice on a way of which only one trial has yet been made, that of Cook. In the month of July, that is to say at the great breaking up of ice in the polar regions, crossing Behring's Straits, he would double on the west Cape Serdze and

the North Cape of Cook, to enter among the floating ice, to penetrate into the Polynia or free sea, and thence to sail towards the pole. The considerations on which this project is based are of two kinds. First, a series of facts ascertained by observation or deduced from theory inclines us to believe that the mean temperature, instead of falling in a continuous manner to the pole, is, on the contrary, higher there than beneath the polar circle, that is to say, at about 67° latitude. There would result from this the possibility of meeting a free sea at the pole even, surrounded by a barrier of ice which closes completely only during the coldest months of winter. In the second place, the attentive examination of the polar currents and the ice which they drift has just confirmed in a striking manner this hypothesis of a vast open sea rolling its waves round the boreal pole. The accounts of Hedenstroem, Wrangel, Anjou, who have seen an immense sheet of free water to the north of Siberia, the reports of Morton and of Dr. Hayes, who have met with an open sea to the north of Smith's Strait, acquire therefore a meaning thoroughly clear and precise, which hardly permits us to preserve a doubt on the reality of a polar sea.

It is known since a long time that the temperature of a place is not regulated by the position merely which it occupies between the equator and the pole; this is proved by the isothermal lines which Alexander von Humboldt has taught us to trace on the maps of the globe. It results that the poles or points at which terminates the axis of rotation of the earth are not necessarily the coldest points. In 1821, Sir David Brewster concluded from the direction of the isothermal lines that there existed two *poles of cold*, situated the one in Siberia, the other in North America; the mean temperature will, therefore, be sensibly higher at the pole properly so called than in some points of the polar circle. In 1864, an illustrious Italian geometer, Plana, submitted to calculation the distribution of the solar heat on the surface of the earth, and demonstrated that starting from the polar circle the mean temperature will increase up to the pole, a result which it was difficult to foresee theoretically, although it is in accordance with the testimony of observations. More recently, M. Gustave Lambert has arrived himself at an analogous conclusion in investigating the laws by which *insolation*, or the quantity of heat furnished by the sun, will vary from one place to another at different epochs of the year.

The quantity of heat which a point of the earth receives at a given moment depends on the obliquity of the rays; it increases in proportion as the sun rises; but when we would appreciate the effect which the sun can produce during a period more or less long, it is not enough to consider the direction of the rays: the relative length of the days and nights must be taken into account. The nocturnal radiation makes the earth lose a considerable portion of the caloric which it has absorbed during the day, and it results that the length of the nights can counterbalance up to a certain point the effects of very hot days. Now at the pole the sun, during six months, does not set; the heat which it emits accumulates and concentrates incessantly during the long day of more than a hundred and eighty common days. It may be conceived then that towards the middle of summer the polar temperature can reach a degree more than sufficient to produce the fusion more or less complete of the ice formed during the long night of winter.

M. Gustave Lambert has succeeded in constructing a curve representing the power of insolation for the different places of the earth and the different days of the year. In examining the direction and the inflections of this curve, he has ascertained that at the moment of the solstice (21st June) the North Pole will receive in twenty-four hours a quantity of heat greater by one-fifth than that which a point situated under the tropic of Cancer receives at the same moment. In this calculation, no account is made of the atmospheric absorption, of which the influence is much stronger at the pole, where the sun is very low, than under the tropic, where it rises very high at the hour of noon; the loss which the rays suffer in crossing the inferior beds of the atmosphere modifies necessarily the result which is arrived at in considering simply the position of the sun from its relation to the polar horizon. We may nevertheless affirm that the summer heat is much more considerable at the pole than is commonly admitted, and in any case that it is more than sufficient to explain the melting of the ice above the 84th or 85th parallel of latitude. The existence of an open sea at the boreal pole is rendered still probable by the consideration of the currents which navigators meet in those parts. The polar currents are very numerous. From the west coast of Greenland, a first current directs itself to the south-east and accumulates the ice in the straits of Banks, of McClintock, and of Queen Victoria. The direction of this considerable mass of water is moreover

proved in an unanswerable manner by the transportation of the ship *Resolute*, which was found in Davis's Strait in 1865, when Kellett had abandoned her in May 1854, a thousand miles from that point, in the north, near Cape Cockburn. In Behring's Straits, a very strong current, which flows along the coasts of Asia, seems to present a semi-annual character; it goes by turns from the south to the north and from the north to the south. The third current descends from the north to the south between Spitzbergen and Nova-Zembla; the force of impulsion of these waters is such that they sometimes break the ice-floe, which facilitates the navigation of these parts. The vast space of sea comprised between the west coast of Spitzbergen and Greenland gives also passage to a current which breaks up the ice, while preventing it however from melting. It is this current which in 1827 carried away the floe under Parry's feet, and did not permit him, in spite of superhuman efforts, to go beyond 82° latitude. All these polar streams seem to proceed directly from a vast reservoir, from a sea surrounding the boreal pole. In the austral regions, the currents seem on the contrary to affect circular directions and to flow around the icebergs, which gives rise to the supposition that a continent exists at the South Pole.

Other proofs in favour of this hypothesis can be drawn from the study of the masses of ice which are met with at the two poles. At the south are observed all the phenomena which characterize glaciers properly so called, or masses of ice raised on a fixed base, earth or rock. There renews itself every year in gigantic proportions the labor which geologists have observed in the Alps, the Himalayas, and the Cordilleras of the Andes. When the colds of winter arrive, the watery vapor with which the air has been saturated by the powerful evaporations of summer condenses into thick snow, and falls in large flakes to accumulate during all the gloomy season of the six months of night. At the first fires of spring, when the sun begins to diffuse its heat over these terrible countries, the ice begins to melt. The water flows then between the fissures of the ice and in the interstices of the rocks, where it congeals again, increasing in volume and repelling with incredible force the obstacles which inconvenience it. It is not at a few points that this labor takes place, it is in every sense and on all parts of the glacier, to which during summer this internal labor gives a sort of life and irresistible movement of progression. At the approach of winter, when the first signs of

twilight show themselves, the power of impulsion is subdued by the cold, and diminishes by degrees to lose itself in the long sleep of winter. This life of the glaciers is one of the most dangerous obstacles for those navigators who approach the South Pole. When the season has been warm, and the breaking up has made itself strongly felt, the glacier hurls into the sea enormous blocks mixed with rocks and vegetable detritus. The icebergs play a great part in the recitals of the explorers of the antarctic pole; at every moment their ships are threatened by floating mountains, or by detached blocks of formidable walls of ice, which seem as if they would bar their passage. If the configuration of the floe of the South Pole, of which the immense glaciers must have been laid on fixed foundations in the most distant periods of the glacial age, forces us thus to admit a continent, the study of the physical nature of these masses of ice demonstrates also their terrestrial origin. In the water they appear black, while in the light they are transparent and of an azure color.

Very different phenomena characterize the regions of the North Pole. There one meets rather ice of marine formation, the ice of the ice-fields. The snow which falls into the sea forms at first a sort of thick yeast; if the weather is calm it congeals, and the water is covered with a thin sheet of ice, partly clear and partly flecked or agglutinated snow. "As soon as the wind rises," says M. Gustave Lambert, "everything breaks up, crumbles, and presents one of the most wonderful spectacles that can be seen. Every little morsel of ice in melting surrounds itself with a regular foot-bath of soft water which does not mix with the sea-water; the rays of the sun, which is very low, give to all these pools of water the colors of the rainbow, reproducing on an enormous scale the phenomenon of the colored rings of Newton, and reflecting all the shades of the spectrum, but so pale that the charm vanishes to give place to a painful and lugubrious impression; it seems for an instant that nature sees itself in full as through a sort of winding-sheet or shroud of gauze. These are the embryos of icebergs." This ice is opaque and of a milky white; there are never found in it debris of rocks or vegetable detritus, as in that of the South Pole. The fields of marine ice, which are rare at the austral pole and common at the boreal pole, permit us again to affirm the existence of a continent at the South, of a free sea at the North.

The testimony of navigators who have perceived from a distance this polar sea can

lastly be invoked. The expeditions which have entered into this dangerous labyrinth of islands which stretches to the west of Greenland speak of it more than once. At the same time one may notice a remarkable and very significant difference between the climate of the two zones or parallel bands which these islands form on the north of the American continent. In the zone nearest to the continent, animal life shows itself only rarely, while on ascending towards the north it is seen to multiply even to exuberance: it seems to apprise the traveller that he is about to tread on the last fragments of ice. This fact, which corresponds to a line of great cold extending almost from 68° to 75° , is assuredly of considerable value, since it is intimately connected with the existence of a free sea.

What seems to result from all these facts is that there exists a polar sea free from ice. What seems equally certain is, that an expedition in sledges, as Mr. Sherard Osborn has proposed, would offer no serious prospect of success. There remains then only to discuss the choice of the route by which a ship might hope to arrive at the pole with the least danger. If at first we throw our eyes on the labyrinth of islands, canals and bays which stretches to the north-west of Baffin's Bay, the nearness of the fields and mountains of ice which get loose from it, would render this route excessively dangerous. "Any ship dragged to the north and the east of Parry's Islands into the polar basin is necessarily ground to pieces," says McClure. Scoresby is of the same opinion, and the fate of so many ships which have disappeared in these terrible places should remove any hope of venturing into them with a polar expedition. "Fly from the land!" such should be the motto of the expedition. Parry's idea of opening a way for himself through the floe which extends from Greenland to Spitzbergen will appear equally chimerical, if one recalls the numerous attempts which have been made without any success in this direction. What hope can one have of piercing a barrier of ice 250 miles broad, where terrible tempests reign unceasingly? The same objections hold against the way chosen by the German expedition, which is going to try to approach the pole between Spitzbergen and Nova-Zembla, where Willoughby, Wood, Barentz, Hudson, and Sutke have broken their energy against one of the strongest points of the polar cuirass. In spite of the power of the gulf-stream, so much invoked by Mr. Petermann, this floe has only been slightly dissolved, and even during summer the masses of ice pile themselves on it at

a depth which has not yet been determined. Moreover, if it is true that some vessels have formerly ventured beyond the 82d degree, it is only to the hazard of an exceptional breaking up that this success must be attributed, for these coasts of Nova-Zembla, into which in 1839 the *Recherche* penetrated pretty far, had been, so M. Charles Martins tells us, inaccessible during several summers. Consequently, so long as the great States do not have men and more especially ships to sacrifice to the dangerous and continual endeavor to make a breach in these thick flocs, it is not by a route exceptionally free that one should try to reach the North Pole, but by a road which is only rarely encumbered.

For this reason, the choice of Behring's Straits imposes itself as a necessity. One cannot invoke against this route either anterior checks or the innumerable difficulties which the other ways present at the first view. We have neither icebergs here, nor dangerous currents. The voyage of Wrangel proves that in many points the floe is, so to speak, only a thin screen, scarcely separating during some months the free waves of the Polynia from the waters of Behring's Sea, frequented every year by numerous whalers. Resting on these indications of Wrangel, and after having made himself a reconnoitring campaign into these parts, M. Gustave Lambert has fixed his choice on the route which is to conduct him to the pole. After having crossed Behring's Straits at the earliest in July, he takes a westerly direction, passes beyond Cape Serdze, then the North Cape of Cook, the extreme point reached by that navigator. He then finds himself in the midst of the movable debris of the floe, between which the ship is steered, the more extended barriers being blown up with powder or cut with saws; he penetrates into the free sea, crosses in his vessel the points where Wrangel's sledge was stopped by pools of water separating fragments of thin and flat ice, and at length reaches the North Pole.

The choice of Behring's Straits has, moreover, just been justified in a manner as striking as unexpected. In the month of August, 1867, Captain Long, an American, commanding the whaler *Nile*, entered the Polar Sea, and was able, without meeting any serious obstacles, to approach to within ten miles of the point where Wrangel had perceived a sheet of free water in the month of March, 1823. On his return, he discovered, at about 70 miles to the north of Cape Yakan, a vast land covered with verdure, on which walrus and seals were playing. The aspect of this land seemed to indicate

that it was inhabited, which would accord with the traditions preserved among the natives of the Siberian coast. "The route which I should recommend," says Captain Long in a letter published by the *Moniteur Commercial* of Honolulu of the 18th of January last, "would be the following. The Asiatic coast should be followed from Behring's Straits to Cape Recouanai or Cape Chelagskoi. It is towards the coast that the ice first melts, and the numerous currents of water produced by the melting of the snow drive the ice to the north, in such a manner as to form along the land a free passage which a vessel can traverse very easily, especially if it is aided by steam. Beyond Cape Yakan the ice directs itself from the land towards the north, and is carried by these currents, which disperse in Wrangel's free sea in fragments sufficiently apart from one another to permit a ship to circulate in it without danger. From a certain point between Capes Recouanai and Chelagskoi, the direction to follow would be that from the north to the north-west, as the ice would permit, to the north of the islands of Laakhov, where one would begin to undergo the effects of the currents which proceed from the rivers of Northern Asia. Thence it would be necessary to go straight to the pole or the islands of Spitzbergen, according to circumstances. . . . That the passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic will be accomplished by one of the routes indicated above, I believe as firmly as one can believe in an event to come."

A letter of Captain Long's, addressed from Honolulu to the President of the Geographical Society of France under date of June 15, 1868, confirms the preceding details, and contains very exact indications on the state of the sea to the north of Siberia. "Last season," he says, "has been very favorable to polar explorations; the sea near the coast, going from Behring's Straits towards the east, was free from ice. When we were 40 miles to the north of Cape Chelagskoi, not a vestige of ice was perceived from the top of the masts in the directions comprised between the north and the west. The weather was clear and beautiful, the sky in that direction was of a dark watery appearance. The absence of whales in those parts rendered the continuation of the voyage little profitable; I returned then towards the east, and I passed at less than ten miles this side of the point where Wrangel had seen the free sea in the month of March. To the north of this position, there were some sheets of ice at considerable intervals, and I believe that a ship could have

advanced very far without meeting any obstacle. With a well-equipped vessel I would not have hesitated to attempt the passage through the Polar Sea to Spitzbergen; but with my barque, which was not prepared for the pressure of the ice, and with provisions for four months only, it would have been folly." Captain Long insists afterwards on the well-ascertained fact that the winds of the north and the north-west bring to Cape North fogs and an elevation of temperature which seem to indicate the presence of a free sea in the direction of the north.—Such is the last phase of the question and the summary of what is known to-day of the mysterious regions which surround the boreal pole. Everything gives us reason to hope that in a little while a fortunate and hardy ship will trace its furrow in this unexplored sea, will reconnoitre these lands, inhabited, perhaps, and of which we did not even know the existence yesterday, will affirm at length at the extremities of the world the power and the energy of man. Theoretical science expects great results from the observations which can be made at the pole, and when theory advances, practice always feels the effects. Will not moreover the expedition which will make us acquainted with the last point of our domain, until now withdrawn from our investigations, mark an important date in the history of humanity?

From The Spectator.

THE DEAN OF CORK AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

ONE of the most noteworthy incidents in the brilliant and busy week just spent by the *savans* at Norwich was the delivery of a sermon on Sunday in the cathedral by Dr. Magee. Such an occasion seldom occurs in a preacher's life, for in the vast congregation which filled every cranny of the building, there were the President and principal officers of the Association, besides conspicuous representatives of all those forms of modern thought and inquiry on which Christian preachers too often look with jealousy if not with avowed hostility. It was an occasion on which weak men of one school would have vented vague denunciations of the aggressive and sceptical spirit of modern science; while still weaker men of another type would have flattered their hearers by making light of the conflict between science and religion, or by expressing a dim belief that a reconciliation between "truth-seekers" of

all classes and of opposite tendencies was nigh at hand. The Dean of Cork avoided both of these mistakes. His copious Irish eloquence, and a powerful voice, might easily have tempted him to indulge in impassioned rhetoric, but this temptation was severely resisted, and, with one or two momentary exceptions, the sermon was a fine example of logical precision in the use of language, even though it was delivered without written notes. His theme was, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." There was a sense, he said, in which these words might serve as the motto for all true teachers in all ages of the world. The final cause and aim of all science and all philosophy is the enrichment of human life, the making of the life of humanity in some way or other a nobler, a cleaner, a fairer thing than it was before. And as that great Association moved about from city to city, investigating the conditions, the resources, and the philosophy of existence, and bringing to light such truth as was attainable in relation to the world in which men lived, it might, with greater significance and without the least irrelevance, adopt for itself the language of the Founder of the Christian religion, and say, "We are come among you that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." In discussing the sense in which these words had been first used, he observed that the Christian religion differed from all other ancient faiths in the profession which it made to impart a new and divine life to man. Christ did not come to be the teacher and helper of man's life only. He claimed to be the author and the giver of it. He does not merely say that He is the discoverer of that life or the teacher of its laws, but He says, "I am that life. I am essential to it. It cannot be without Me." The writings of His followers, and notably of Paul, are filled and saturated with this idea of a Christ whose life is in them, who lives in them. No Jew ever said that he lived in Moses, no Mussulman that the life of Mohammed was imparted to him or reproduced in him. It is the distinctive mark of Christianity that it alone professes to give the life of its Founder to men: that it is not merely a creed, or a system of doctrine, or a code of laws, or a scheme of philosophy; but a new vital force in the world—a life having its own phenomena, its own conditions of existence, its own laws of manifestation, a life as real as any of those forms of life which science arranges and classifies, a life which it was said had been supernaturally

given to man, being the divine life of Christ our Lord. "This is the record, that God has given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." Yet it must be confessed that the evidence of the supernatural is hard to give. No amount of facts in the world of nature will ever prove the existence of a world or a life above nature.

"Between the man who believes only what he sees, and the man who believes in order that he may see, there is a necessary and endless opposition; they are exactly in the position of two men, one of whom is looking at a picture from a right point of view, and sees the whole beauty of the design; and the other of whom is closely examining it piecemeal through a powerful lens. Both testify to what they see, but one sees more than the other, and the only answer he can make is, 'Stand where I stand, and you will see what I see.' It is impossible and in vain to dream of a reconciliation of the belief in the supernatural with the belief only in the natural. There must come a point when the man who walks by faith must part company with the man who walks, and is resolved to walk, only by sight. Is it not a great matter that they should reach that point in company, that they should not part before they have reached it? Is it not a great matter that the man of faith should bring with him the man of science to the very verge of the supernatural, showing him all he can see before he asks him to believe what he cannot see? Now, have religious men, as a rule, done this? Too often they have done exactly the opposite. They set forth the claims of Christianity in this wise:—'Eighteen hundred years ago there lived a man in Nazareth, who came down from heaven, and claimed to be the Son of God, and proved His claim by miracles; believe it, and ye shall be rewarded with salvation; believe it not, and ye shall be punished with damnation.' Whether this was rightly or wrongly put, the result of such a statement was that the men of science started aside from it at once, and rejected the belief in the supernatural all the more resolutely, because an attempt was thus made to enforce it by penalties."

The Dean proceeded to say that there was another way of enforcing the claims of Christianity, far more efficacious and more consonant to the legitimate demands of science. The inductive method of investigation was confessedly the fairest in regard to all forms of physical life; it would also be the truest in regard to the Christian life. Instead of beginning with a theory, historical or dogmatic, about the origin of

Christianity, and reasoning downwards from it to the facts of Christendom, it would be well to begin by ascertaining the actual phenomena, and then ascend afterwards to the religious system which undertook to explain and account for those phenomena. With singular force and eloquence the preacher invited his hearers to consider with him the manifestations in the history of Christendom of a noble and beautiful life which could not be accounted for without a new hypothesis of some kind. He recounted the deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice which had been done in the name of Christ, and said that there was visible to all who looked for it a kind of life "that lifts itself above mere morality, respectability, and decency; a life that is saintly and beautiful, which is ever ready to give itself for others, which is ever contending with the evil and misery there are in the world; a life which sends the pastor to the outcast and the ignorant, which spends itself in efforts to reclaim the wanderer and to reform the criminal," and which had originated all the greatest agencies for the amelioration of our race. And if a still closer inquiry was made into the motives and purposes of Christian men, it would be found that they all professed to have a hidden life of joy and solace and hope which was more beautiful than any which they could reveal. "Take up the biographies of men who in their day had belonged to the most opposite and contending sects, and who would scarcely have owned one another to be Christians. Read the records of their secret thoughts and feelings, uttering themselves in their prayers, their hymns, their journals of religious experience. Blow away from their books the dust of the old bitter controversies, by which these men were kept apart, and what do you find? You find living souls that wept, sorrowed, joyed, hoped, and prayed alike; men who speak of the realities of a hidden life, of the sin they hated, of the temptations they struggled against, of a life and spirit in them which enabled them to conquer, and of the hope that sustained them. So much had they been animated by the same spirit, that however divided they might have been in creed, it was clear that they might have sung one another's hymns and prayed one another's prayers. And the explanation which they would each have given of these phenomena would have been substantially the same. This life is not ours, there was a time when we were dead; this life is in us, but not of us; it comes from another, it is the life of our Lord Jesus Christ. He died for us;

we believe in Him, and believing in Him, we find his life and spirit in us; as we trust in Him, the life grows stronger; when we forget Him it grows weaker; we can do all things through Christ, for He is our life." There, he continued, were phenomena in the history of the world which the student of human life could not disregard. They required some explanation, there was, somewhere, a theory to account for them. He could not now ask them to go into the evidence of Christianity, but he invited them to consider whether, with these facts before them, the supernatural theory which Christianity set up appeared quite so improbable as it had seemed *a priori*; and whether it would be philosophical to reject without further examination an exceptional explanation for phenomena so hard to account for on any natural theory. They had been considering the outward manifestations of a life; and what was a life? He asked the man most profoundly versed in science there present to define for him what was that mysterious and hidden force for which he was searching day by day into the recesses of beings that live, or that have lived, and which still eludes his search? What was the mysterious power which makes of the inanimate the animate? The men of faith had to tell of the life of man's spirit; should it surprise us to be told that this life is more mysterious than the life that the men of science seek vainly to discover of the body? Was it so very strange a thing that they who already believe in an invisible influence in the realms of science should be asked to go one step further, and believe the invisible in the realms of faith? They might not be entitled to say, "Believe the Christian theory;" but they might be justified in claiming for it a respectful and patient hearing.

"The men of faith make their earnest appeal to the men of science for help, and for help which they can give. From the babbler, from the shallow smatterer in science and theology who prattles about the supernatural and the natural, and who refuses to believe in the mystery of religion, from him, to the real high priests of science, to the men who have reached the innermost shrine in her temple, and stand there reverently with bowed heads before the veil which they acknowledge they cannot lift, but beyond which they confess there is a

power which influences them, and the acting of which they feel and see, we make our appeal; we ask you to listen to us, as we say, 'Behold, we show you another mystery, the mystery of a hidden life.'" And, he proceeded to urge, so long as the Christian life yields fruits of holiness, of nobleness, and of beauty, so long its origin and history will be deserving of the study of every man of science. But if Christianity ever ceased to purify and ennoble the lives of men, it would die out as a creed, and ought to die. Its Founder had compared His disciples to the salt of the earth, "but if the salt have lost his savour . . . it must be cast out and trodden under foot of men." There was no dead thing more odious and pestilential, as it lay reeking on the earth, than the corpse of a dead religion, one which had ceased to operate on the consciences and behaviour of its professors. It was yet in the power of Christian men to vindicate the truth of their faith, if not in controversy with the modern forms of scientific belief, at least by consistent and holy Christian life. They might patiently wait for that reconciliation between science and religion which men were looking for; when science and philosophy, on the one hand, should help religion to a truer expression of its own beliefs; and religion, on the other hand, should give clearer evidences of its history and creeds. But one thing they could not afford to wait for,—the Christian life itself, as revealed in daily acts of self-sacrifice and holiness,—Christian men must take care that at least no one should be able to challenge them for proofs of the reality of this life, and to say that there was no answer to the challenge.

It is very difficult to give in this brief summary a fair representation of an argument which was as remarkable for close sequence and for concentration as for the richness and variety of its illustrations. Still more difficult would it be to describe the profound emotion and interest which was kindled and sustained by the preacher during a pulpit address of far more than the average length. But we hope that the Dean of Cork will be induced to publish a full and accurate report of his sermon, and that in this way he may address a yet wider and more influential audience than that which listened to his voice on Association Sunday in Norwich.

From The Spectator.

POEMS BY ROYALISTS AND LOYALISTS.*

THE object of this collection, according to Professor Morley's introduction, is "to blend the voices of true poets who lived in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth into a genuine expression of the manner of their music and the spirit of their time. . . . The true division expressed by the chief title of the volume is between the men who upon the great principles then in debate were with the King, and those who were with the Commons." We think that the idea which is hinted at in this and other sentences was worthy of being worked out more completely than has been done in this volume. It might have been well if Professor Morley had shown in a more pointed way the contrast between the two parties in our great Civil War, and had only chosen his instances from men who clearly belonged both in date and sympathy to one of those parties. In the present selection many poems which have no touch of the regular Cavalier spirit are placed on the side of the King. Men who died before the country was divided into two camps can hardly be assigned to either. Such as first adhered to the party of the Commons, then wrote outrageous panegyrics on Charles I., then sang in praise of Cromwell, and ended by flattering Charles II., ought, strictly speaking, to be on both sides in turn. This last arrangement would be a fitting censure on Waller. The first division might exclude Ben Jonson. It is true that, in the two pieces selected by Professor Morley, Ben Jonson praises the King. But both these pieces bear the date of 1630, and the concluding lines of the second, in which the poet hopes that the King may cure the People's Evil, savour more of the tone of Wither than of that of Herrick. If we look at Wither's *Britain's Remembrancer*, written two years earlier than these lines of Ben Jonson's, we find an equal willingness to take the King's good intentions on trust, to allow for his desire to do what was just and right, and to blame the distemper of men's minds and of the time rather than the Sovereign. Yet, Wither is one of the three poets who in this book represent the Commons, and with Milton and Andrew Marvell he shows himself thoroughly devoted to the cause of law and liberty. This is not the least striking part of the contrast between those whom Professor Morley unwillingly calls Cavaliers and Puritans. Of the thirty odd writers who were on the side of the King, some were po-

litical in their actions but not in their writings, others in their writings but not in their actions. Some maintained the King's cause from the point of view of divine right, and would have maintained the same cause if Charles had been a Caligula or a Nero. Some were mere soldiers and gentlemen, who fought to keep down the populace, and wrote from a sort of instinct of culture. But the three who were on the side of the people were sternly in earnest, both in what they wrote and what they did. We can understand Professor Morley's objection to the name "Puritan" as contrasted with "Cavalier;" for the first is used as an offensive nickname, while the second is meant as a title of honour. It is for this reason that we have given the contrast a new wording at the head of this article, and have shown personal fidelity to a King in competition with fidelity to the law.

Professor Morley's arrangement is to some extent justified by the high-flown language in which all the writers in the first part speak of royalty. What Herrick says about kings is typical of the Cavalier spirit; for instance, his lines headed "A King and no King" strike at the root of all legitimate authority:—

"That prince who may do nothing but what's
just
Rules but by leave, and takes his crown on trust."

If so, what is the use of his distinction between kings and tyrants?

"'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this difference
known,
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their
own."

It is true that he is careful to provide kings with a special kind of education,—

"'Twixt kings and subjects there's this mighty
odds,—

Subjects are taught by men, kings by the gods."

But what guarantee have the subjects that this educational process is successful, and how are they to decide whether their ruler is a king or a tyrant, except by scrutinizing the justice of his actions? Sir John Suckling says that

"Kings and lovers are alike in this,—
That their chief art in reign dissembling is;"

and he and his brother poets give us so many instances of dissimulation in love that the comparison is somewhat dangerous. Evidently the Court was the school at which these lovers studied. They thought that they might take any liberties because their own liberties, of another kind, were taken

* *The King and the Commons; Cavalier and Puritan Song.* Selected and arranged by Henry Morley. London: Low, Son, and Marston. 1868.

from them. They might flirt and dally with ladies, be constant for twelve whole hours, or even three whole days, pay extravagant compliments, and then explain them away, because that was the principle on which the King acted with the Commons. This is not the tone of Lovelace, whose well-known stanzas to Lucasta and Althea stand out nobly from the mass of frivolous sentiment; nor of Montrose. But if we want to find the true contrast to the amorous inanities of the Court circle, we must go to the popular side, and read George Wither's manly poems. The same poet supplies us with a much truer ideal of royalty than the one contained in Herrick's lines, or in that ode of Sir Richard Fanshawe's where the King is praised for not only making peace, but also forcing his subjects to enjoy it. Even if we want a worthy description of Charles's death, we must go to Andrew Marvell, and not to any of the Royalist poets:—

"He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

"Nor call'd the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

We may look in vain for any such fairness to an opponent among the Royalist writers. Wither's phrase of "the scornful adversaries" well describes their literary warfare. Sir John Denham's "Humble Petition of the Poets" to the Five Members is even more significant of this tendency than the songs in which the Saints are ridiculed, and the Roundheads are accused of prostituting Church and State to the scum of the land. For a squib the petition is too tame and argumentative. As a mere piece of vituperation it has a distinctive value. As such, too, it must be classed with many of the other pieces in which the Cavaliers show their lofty disdain for the rest of the community. It seems to have been impossible for the King's friends to look beyond the hypocritical nonconformists and snuffling saints of the opposing army. Such things as grave constitutional questions, rights, liberties, never could occur to the gentlemen who bragged about unsheathing their swords in defence of the Church and the Crown. The Five Members seemed merely to be invading the poetic privilege of lying. Cromwell was "Oliver Brutus," and his object to "gull the people through the nose." Perhaps we can hardly wonder at this opinion being so readily accepted by the song-writers on the Royal side, when we see how

long it has prevailed in subsequent literature. So many writers have been in a conspiracy to vilify the Puritans and exalt those whom it would be fair to nickname the Charlatans, that it is very difficult to dissociate abject hypocrisy from the one side and patriotic generosity from the other. It must have been noticed already that while poets and novelists have been quick to choose their heroes from the ranks of the King's supporters, the cause of the people has been impartially neglected when it has not been caricatured. Scott has done much to indoctrinate English readers with Cavalier sentiments, and many, no doubt, accept his picture of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley as the type of fidelity, without recognizing the good knight's weakness and prejudices. On the other side, we have little save a poem of Macaulay's, which, stirring as it is, does not command so much favour as falls to the lot of the usual claptrap about the bold Cavaliers. It is natural that men who wrote a great deal about themselves should find imitators, and the frank heartiness of most of the Royalist songs cannot fail to be infectious. The stern, self-denying reticence of the Loyalists holds out no such attractions. In this collection we find much to explain the paucity of Loyalist poems. To the few who wrote, poetry was as serious as life. They did not waste their breath on love-songs and lighter dalliances. They would not even spend it on writing squibs. The result is that we have only one such piece here, from Marvell, to set against a great variety of them from the Royalists; and the loose, scattering fire of skirmishing songsters is drowned by the deep boom of Miltonic cannon, as each single piece is brought up and discharged full against the Royal standard.

The Cavaliers have certainly the advantage in lightness and gaiety. Waller's "Girdle," and his "Go, lovely Rose;" Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may;" Lovelace's "Amarantha sweet and fair;" many of Suckling's poems, and some songs by less known writers, notably "When the King enjoys his own again," would suffice to recommend a book like Professor Morley's, and, if all of them were necessarily Royalist in their tendency, to explain the long popularity of the Cavaliers. A more chastened and more elevated tone breathes from the few poems of George Herbert's which Professor Morley has included in his volume. We may at first object to having the "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," placed in company with the trivial loves of courtiers and the snarls of political satirists. But the quiet country parsonage is not seldom the stronghold of party feeling, though there

that which is an element of discord in the busy life of the world is something calm and elevating. Still George Herbert died long before the troubles of Charles's reign had come to a head. It may be doubted whether he would have taken an active line in politics had he lived to be deprived, as Herrick was, of his vicarage. Cowley, who was the greatest and sincerest poet on the Royalist side, is poorly represented in this volume. But in this perhaps Professor Morley was wise. "Who now reads Cowley?" asked Pope, a hundred and fifty years ago. Such a collection as this is meant to be readable. It must necessarily devote itself more or less to light and pleasant verse. The Royalists are lost if once they put themselves in comparison with Milton.

From The London Review.

A VIEW OF LORD BYRON.*

A BEAUTIFUL complete Byron for a shilling! This sounds rather too much like the Holborn eating-house keeper's placard, "A devilish good dinner for fourpence;" but really this beautifully printed volume, containing all Byron's poetry, tempts one to exclamations of some kind. Indeed, the publishers have not only presented us with all Byron's poems at that price, but, with reckless and impassioned liberality, they have given the public one poem twice over, as they will discover if they turn to the verses "To a Lady" on page 40, and the same verses (repeated with the alteration of a word or two in the last line) on page 57.

If anybody will take the pains to inquire at the cheap booksellers' shops, he will learn what many people would doubt, that there is a large, steady sale for Byron. He is a great favourite with lads at the desk and the counter; with the sort of people who think Canterbury Hall a heavenly place; and with most Irishmen. The same class of persons who admire Dr. Johnson will usually be found, unless they are very serious, to admire Byron. And, indeed, his Lordship was as much a rhetorician as a poet. A poet he was, full of energy, action, and animal spirits, and with a splendid mastery of rhyme. Yet even his verse is frequently harsh as well as turgid; and never, except in his bursts of animal spirits and fun, impresses us with the remotest sense of the writer's truthfulness. Simplicity he

had none. Nor had he any tenderness, or any reverence, or religious instinct, or any power of reasoning. Leigh Hunt said Byron could never comprehend an argument; and it is obvious on the face of his writing that the remark was a true one. The late Alexander Smith asserted that Byron, when he died, was on the way to become our later Fielding. But Fielding, man of the world as he was, had nevertheless the simplicity of genius. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu used to say that if you gave him a mutton-bone and a kitchen-maid, he would experience all the simple raptures of a boy closeted with a Venus—at least, that is the ultimate effect of what the Lady said. And there is always something of idyllic *possibility* in his writings. Byron, to return to him, had no simplicity; and, partly through fastidiousness and partly through the insincerity which put an obstructing medium between him and his facts, never got the true *feel* of life. He always wore gloves—we speak metaphorically—of some kind or other, except when he was in his rollicking vein. Then we must admit he is infinitely amusing. "Don Juan," "Bepo," the "Vision of Judgment," and the two cantos translated from the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci, are certainly a splendid bequest of fun from one man, and we never tire of laughing over them, whatever we may think of their spirit.

Perhaps we may interest some readers by referring to a few of the less known facts of Byron's life. Most people believe he had one club foot. But Mr. Trelawney has carried our knowledge upon that melancholy subject a good deal further. When Fletcher sent for him to see his master's corpse, Mr. Trelawney asked him to leave the room to fetch a glass of water, and in his absence lifted the covering. Both the feet were clubbed, and both legs withered to the knee: a pitiable sight indeed!

Another point upon which the general reader knows little, is the valuable influence of the poet Shelley upon Byron, both as a man and as a poet. This is a subject for a book rather than a review, but the fact is, that while Shelley, like the little boy he always was, was wrapped in simple wonder at Lord Byron's creations (and his letters abound in expressions of almost abject wonder and homage), Lord Byron was sucking Shelley's brains, and deriving from him those suggestions which gave their peculiar colour to some of his later poems. "Heaven and Earth" would have been a very different poem but for Shelley, if it had ever been written at all.

Few of Byron's admirers have any idea

* The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Reprinted from the Original Editions. With Explanatory Notes, &c. (Chandos Classics.) London: F. Warne & Co.

what a horribly bad fellow he could be; to what unspeakable depths of degradation he could descend; or, again, how much a woman that he liked could do in the way of improving him. The glimpses we get of the man in Shelley's letters are very interesting:—

SHELLEY, AT VENICE, TO HIS WIFE.

"At three o'clock I called on Lord Byron: he was delighted to see me.

"He took me in his gondola across the laguna to a long sandy island, which defends Venice from the Adriatic. When we disembarked, we found his horses waiting for us, and we rode along the sand of the sea, talking. Our conversation consisted in histories of his wounded feelings, and questions as to my affairs, and great professions of friendship and regard for me. He said that if he had been in England at the time of the Chancery affair, he would have moved heaven and earth to have prevented such a decision. We talked of literary matters, his Fourth Canto, which he says is very good, and indeed repeated some stanzas of great energy to me."

Again:—

SHELLEY, AT NAPLES, TO PEACOCK.

"I entirely agree with what you say about 'Childe Harold.' The spirit in which it is written is, if insane, the most wicked and mischievous insanity that ever was given forth. It is a kind of obstinate and self-willed folly, in which he hardens himself. I remonstrated with him in vain on the tone of mind from which such a view of things alone arises. For its real root is very different from its apparent one. Nothing can be less sublime than the true source of these expressions of contempt and desperation. The fact is, at first, the Italian women with whom he associates are perhaps the most contemptible of all who exist under the moon—the most ignorant, the most disgusting, the most bigoted; . . . an ordinary Englishman cannot approach them. Well, L. B. is familiar with the lowest sort of these women, the people his gondolieri pick up in the streets. He associates with wretches who seem almost to have lost the gait and physiognomy of man, and who do not scruple to avow practices which are not only not named, but I believe seldom even conceived in England. He says he disapproves, but he endures. He is heartily and deeply discontented with himself; and contemplating in the distorted mirror of his own thoughts the nature and the destiny of man, what can he behold but objects of contempt and despair? But that he is a great poet, I think the Address to Ocean proves. And he has a certain degree of candour while you talk to him, but unfortunately it does not outlast your departure. No, I do not doubt, and, for his sake, I ought to hope, that his present career must end soon in some violent circumstance."

Again:—

SHELLEY, AT RAVENNA, TO HIS WIFE.

"Lord Byron is very well, and was delighted to see me. He has in fact completely recovered his health, and lives a life totally the reverse of that which he led at Venice. He has a permanent sort of liaison with Contessa Guiccioli, who is now at Florence, and seems from her letters to be a very amiable woman. She is waiting there till something shall be decided as to their emigration to Switzerland or stay in Italy; which is yet undetermined on either side. She was compelled to escape from the Papal territory in great haste, as measures had already been taken to place her in a convent, where she would have been unreasonably confined for life.

"Lord Byron had almost destroyed himself at Venice: his state of debility was such that he was unable to digest any food, he was consumed by hectic fever, and would speedily have perished, but for this attachment, which has reclaimed him from the excesses into which he threw himself from carelessness and pride, rather than taste. Poor fellow! he is now quite well, and immersed in politics and literature."

SHELLEY, AT RAVENNA, TO HIS WIFE.

"I told you I had written by L. B.'s desire to la Guiccioli, to dissuade her and her family from Switzerland. Her answer is this moment arrived, and my representation seems to have reconciled them to the unfitness of that step. At the conclusion of a letter, full of all the fine things she says she has heard of me, is this request, which I transcribe:—'Signore—la vostra bontà mi fa ardita di chiedervi unfavore—me lo accorderete voi? Non partite da Ravenna senza Milord.' Of course, being now, by all the laws of knighthood, captive to a lady's request, I shall only be at liberty on *my parole* until Lord Byron is settled at Pisa. I shall reply, of course, that the *boon* is granted, and that if her lover is reluctant to quit Ravenna, after I have made arrangements for receiving him at Pisa, I am bound to place myself in the same situation as now, to assail him with importunities to rejoin her. Of this there is, fortunately, no need; and I need not tell you there is no fear that this chivalric submission of mine to the great general laws of antique courtesy, against which I never rebel, and which is my religion, should interfere with my quick returning, and long remaining with you, dear girl.

"We ride out every evening as usual, and practice pistol-shooting at a pumpkin; and I am not sorry to observe that I approach towards my noble friend's exactness of aim. The water here is villanous, and I have suffered tortures; but I now drink nothing but alcalescent water, and am much relieved. I have the greatest trouble to get away; and L. B., as a reason for my stay, has urged that, without either me or the Guiccioli, he will certainly fall into his old habits. I

then talk, and he listens to reason; and I earnestly hope that he is too well aware of the terrible and degrading consequences of his former mode of life to be in danger from the short interval of temptation that will be left him. L. B. speaks with great kindness and interest of you, and seems to wish to see you."

This last extract is very striking, showing, as it does, not only that the Countess Guiccioli knew, but that Byron himself knew the value, in the way of social restraint, of the friendship of a pure-minded man like Shelley. There is something almost amusingly imploring about the beautiful lady's "*Don't leave Ravenna without taking Milord with you.*"

The interest of these extracts will, we hope, excuse their length. One or two notes as to matters of fact known in literary circles, but not to general readers, may be added. Lady Byron, ridiculed by her

husband in the familiar and very clever verses in "*Don Juan*"—

"Her favourite science was the mathematical," and so on, was in fact an able and accomplished woman; a thinker, and a good writer. There are letters of hers extant which Mr. Mill would not be ashamed of. Again, the Countess of Lovelace, lately deceased, the Ada of "*Childe Harold*," was a mathematician and well versed in the sciences. The best proof of the estimation in which she was held during her lifetime is that she was, in well-informed circles, credited for a long time with the authorship of the "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*."

We have preferred breaking what, to large numbers of readers, will be new ground, to making general criticisms upon Byron's poetry, and can only, in conclusion, say that this "*Chandos*" edition is a wonder in its way.

The English Bible. By a Barrister-at-Law. Bartlett.

THE Barrister attempts too much. His subject is the evidence relating to the history and authenticity of the Bible generally. It is impossible to compress into a volume of a hundred and eighty pages even the results of the controversies which have been raised on these questions. His title suggests a speciality to which he might have confined himself with advantage. He gives, for instance, some interesting information about the circumstances under which our own Authorised Version was drawn up; but he says next to nothing on a subject which, in one point of view, is of at least equal importance, the attempts at translation which were made before Wickliffe's time. On this he satisfies himself with a quotation from Foxe. Nor is his account of Wickliffe and his successors as full as it should be. How imperfect is his treatment of other topics may be gathered from the fact that in speaking of the external evidence to the authenticity of the New Testament, he gives no account of what must always be the principal item in it, the quotations found in the writings of the early Christian fathers. The book, nevertheless, has a certain value, and it is written in a sensible and moderate spirit.

Spectator.

Thoughts of a Physician. Van Voorst.

THIS volume is a collection of essays on various ethical subjects, most of them pleasantly and sensibly written, if not showing much originality or power. The writer illustrates some of his positions by instances drawn from modern biography. These are, perhaps, the best part of the book. He illustrates, for instance, the subject of "*The Usefulness of an Invalid*" by an interesting sketch of the labours of Dr. Andrew Combe, who, as he justly says, made ten years of disease and self-discipline worth many a life of healthy activ-

ity. We cannot say that the book is very attractive, but it will repay perusal.

Spectator.

The Rock Ahead. By Edmund Yates. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

THIS is decidedly the weakest of Mr. Yates's novels, and while aiming at being highly sensational it fails in sustained power in that direction. The author has taken, as one of the main incidents of his story, the Rugeley murder, and confers on his villain, for whom he has adopted that frightful crime, the further distinction of an attempted fratricide, and, in the end, an accomplished self-destruction. But this villain is not true to himself, for once baffled in an attempted crime, he takes no further steps to perfect it, but contents himself with an immense amount of vapouring and bluster. As to the hero, it has doubtless come within the experience of every one that an English country gentleman can, without a sigh or a struggle, alienate his ancestral estate in order to live abroad illegally married to his deceased brother's wife, and, in the author's own words, "*be lost in the crowd.*" With his heroine, who stands forth a well drawn and thoroughly unconventional character, and with the minor personages of his story, Mr. Yates is much more successful. We do not doubt that that respectable corporation the Ancients of Clement's Inn will feel highly flattered at his description of their abode; and we wonder where he obtained his knowledge of the guiding principles of College authorities. Mr. Yates's style is easy and flowing, and if he would avoid a certain slanginess, a fondness for using foreign words when our own mother tongue would supply his wants equally well, and a paraded admiration for Bohemianism in general, his writings would be much more agreeable and acceptable to the reading public.

Spectator.

From The Economist, 19 Sept.

THE RUMOURS OF WAR.

DURING the last fortnight there has been a fresh crop of war rumours, and a renewal of apprehensions of war. The French Emperor has been to Chalons and to Lannemezan presenting to the legions the heir of France as if preparatory to some great crisis in his fortunes, and the soldiers have been shouting in his ears "to the Rhine." Prussia and Russia again are reported to have been asking France to disarm, though a Prussian despatch reporting the fact of a partial Prussian disarmament to the French Government turns out to be a *canard*. The King of Prussia has also been making at Kiel one of those peaceful speeches which are held to be worse than warlike, saying in one breath that there is no cause for the peace of Europe to be disturbed, and that the listeners may be reassured by the vigour of the Fatherland as represented by its soldiers and sailors who are ready to fight to the death. Added to all this are dark hints of a Franco-Belgian Customs' Union, the disagreement between Holland and Prussia about the administration of the lower Rhine, and reports of a despatch from the Italian Government requesting the French evacuation of Rome. Partly for these reasons, and partly also independently of them, the apprehensions of immediate war have revived. Now without discussing the chronic danger to which Europe is exposed by its great military governments in the hands of irresponsible despots, and the readiness for immediate war which is now their normal condition, we should like to ask whether the frequent recurrence of war panics is altogether reasonable? It is possible to admit that the change from peace to a great war may now be swiftly made, that the circumstances are such as to keep all prudent men out of engagements at a long date, that there are even strong reasons for believing in the desire of one or more Powers for a war if they can only get a fitting opportunity, that Europe, to use the *banal* phrase, is a powder magazine to which the spark may at any moment be applied; all this we say may be allowed, and yet there is no reason for those feverish fits which every now and then occur. Unless new facts come to light, it would be wise to accept the situation with as much *sans froid* as possible. If the rulers of Europe create a permanent arrangement in which war is always on the cards it is wise to be prepared, but preparation made, commerce and industry must make the best of things, and work on quietly in their hampered state. It is not a good

peace in which the effect of a coming war must be constantly discounted, but the discounting of the effect on all sides should make people proof against mere rumours.

Looked at closely, we think it will be admitted there have lately been no new data. The Chalons and Lannemezan visits are nothing in themselves, and even the shouting for the Rhine only indicates an impatience for war in the French soldiery which was perfectly surmised before. So far as it goes, the Prussian disarmament, now that the despatch is proved a *canard*, though it was never a very probable one, is really a peace indication; the Prussian Government has really thought it safe to postpone till January the drilling of a new contingent which might have been called out in October; and the King of Prussia's speech with all its bravado gives no hint of fast approaching peril. Both the Belgian and Dutch questions again are in that early stage when their future growth is quite uncertain, so that their existence means no more than the score of questions which might be easily got up were the great Powers of Europe as desirous of immediate war as is sometimes represented. Even the Italian request for the evacuation of Rome which has perhaps more of reality in it, though that too has just been denied, is not necessarily a warlike symptom, for Italy at least is unprepared for war, and could give little speedy assistance to any great Power with whom the real struggle would lie. Other new rumours are as easily explicable. We do not deny that the atmosphere is likely to breed them, but just because they may be easily bred we should be more than usually critical towards them.

It is doubtful besides whether some of the grounds on which reliance is placed for the opinion that war is immediately probable are not rather fanciful. Nothing is more common than to say, for instance, that the tension of a peace like this is almost as bad as war—that war must come to put an end to the strain and let a surer peace come by the reaction from an actual conflict. The truth we believe to be that a peace like this, full of evils and perils as it is, falls a long way short of the calamities of actual war, and that the reaction from conflict may not lead to a better peace. There is a tendency in speaking of excessive armaments to compare the expense merely with what prevailed ten or twenty or thirty years ago, and this leads to a grave error in estimating the burden on the peoples of Europe. The other side of the account is that all countries have been growing richer, and can bear greater burdens. Sometimes the expense may have grown faster than the

wealth, as Mr. Gladstone held it did in this country between 1853 and 1860; but in general the absence of any greater perceptible pressure in the circumstances of European peoples, if indeed there has not been a small improvement, may show that armaments are not yet absolutely ruinous, though they check material growth. Probably not a State in Europe could have maintained a century ago a standing army of a hundred thousand men as ready for war as the hundreds of thousands which Prussia and France now have always equipped and ready, but the armaments of the present day still bear about the same relation to the resources of nations as the armaments of former times. Nations are now so much richer that they can arm up to the standard of being ready at once for great campaigns, and are every way more mobile. All this does not justify great armaments, but it renders doubtful any hope of a remedy in the necessity for a campaign which the supposed tension produces. And how should the reaction from conflict produce disarmament? Nations armed more than ever after the Crimea, after the Italian campaign, after Sadowa. Why should a new campaign have a different result? One reason why reaction does not produce disarmament has been the brevity of the wars themselves, and the impatience which makes wars brief will probably be as great as ever, though of course it may be disappointed. It would be difficult in any case to conceive so exhausting a war that nations would give up the system by which, whatever number of men they have, they can take them into a campaign at a moment's notice; that secret is not likely to be lost, and this preparedness, not merely the scale of it, is the permanent cause of tension.

The desire of the great Powers for war is again insufficient to justify the repeated panics. Grant that Prussia and France are both willing to engage in war as soon as a good chance offers — Prussia to extend and consolidate her hold on Germany, France to secure her preponderance in Europe and perhaps make new annexations — there is still no necessity for panic where no more chances are apparent to-day than were apparent yesterday. The greatest immediate apprehension is of the action of France, but it is the mere truth that for practical purposes French preparations have been complete for months. There is plainly no disposition to hurry into the risks and hazards of actual campaigning, and the perpetual adjournment of the "coming war" should

blunt the keenness of expectation. This being the case, the strong peace interests of both Governments and peoples in Europe should weigh something in the balance. Russia, Austria, and Italy, are for various reasons in no fit state for fighting on a great scale, and the industrial interests of both France and Prussia are of such magnitude and would be so affected by war that in spite of patriotic currents in both countries the leaning to peace is manifest. As M. Guizot has just been so forcibly pointing out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, there is no cause on either side for which to fight unless one or the other is attacked; and the want of a cause so far paralyses any Government which is backed by nothing better than jealousy about position or prestige. The Prussian Government, again, as distinct from the German people, is strengthened by peace, really makes progress by peace in Prussianising Germany; and although the French Government as distinguished from the people may believe itself, and may be believed by others, not to gain by peace, the risks of such a war as must be fought are so great that indefinite delay is not improbable in the hope of something turning up.

While we deprecate war panics we admit it is not a satisfactory alternative for people to make up their minds to the indefinite prolongation of the present state of things. It is not pleasant to acknowledge as a permanent arrangement that peace should hang by a mere thread — should depend almost absolutely on the will of any one of two or three individuals, whom there is no means of checking in a necessary interval of preparation. But the fact is so whether it is liked or not, and may continue so for a good many years, while military Governments and wealthy communities render possible that high state of preparation for war which characterises our epoch. Only it does not follow that we must have more war and have wars more frequently than in former periods because of this unstable peace. The counter-currents are very strong, and perhaps the mutual paralysis of each other's preparations by several great Powers who are nearly on a level and fear the calamities and chances of actual fighting, is not really an unfavourable condition for a season of peace. The work of peace must be restricted by the want of long credit and the abstraction of means for warlike preparations, but within these limits peace itself may practically be very safe — more safe perhaps than it has been for centuries from the disturbance of great and prolonged campaigns.

From The Saturday Review, 26 Sept.

ENGLAND ON DUTIES OF NEUTRALS.

It is most satisfactory to find that Mr. Johnson has arrived in England not only with full power, but with every disposition, to settle all outstanding disputes. As he says, it cannot be difficult to do this if both nations honestly wish it. We shall soon, it may be hoped, come to the end of the long-standing *Alabama* dispute. England is ready to own herself to have been in the wrong, but she thinks that she may claim to have been pardonably in the wrong. We did not know what could be asked from us, what we ought to do, and when and how we ought to do it. International law was silent on a point that had never before arisen. The duties of neutrals towards belligerents constituted an omitted chapter in that most imperfect of codes. We did not at first understand how much it was to our interest to create and enforce these duties; but we were brought to see how much we might suffer if neutrals could favour belligerents with impunity, and we rapidly gave in our adhesion to the new doctrines as to the duties of neutrals which the Federal Government insisted should be received. Under the pressure of circumstances, indeed, we acted on these doctrines before we had made up our minds to adhere to them; and a Commission has only this year advised that Parliament should legalize what the Government of the day did several years ago without regard to its legality. If it was right to stop the rams, it would also, without question, have been right to stop the *Alabama*. We did wrong in not stopping the *Alabama*, and we are ready to own it, and to pay for it; and if we pay for it, we shall have the satisfaction of

at once easing our consciences, and establishing a precedent most advantageous to England. On what principle the amount to be paid should be fixed is a very curious question, and would lead the anxious inquirer into many most complicated legal subtleties. But, in the first place, the amount will probably be fixed, as in the verdicts of juries, by a sort of hazard, and in deference to what is called substantial justice, rather than by any measure of logical fitness; and, in the next place, the exact amount is not a matter which gives Englishmen much thought. We will cheerfully pay whatever the representatives of both nations agree we should pay. What we really care about is that the law as to cruisers from neutral territory should be laid down so as to protect the just interests of a great maritime Power like England, and also that the Americans should be really and finally satisfied with what we do, and should think that, in the long run and on the whole, we have behaved honourably to them. Mr. Johnson has wisely paved the way for the attainment of a good understanding by publicly stating beforehand that neither nation ought to win a triumph over the other, and that he is as sure England will not submit, as that his country will not submit, to be humiliated. With so friendly, so temperate, and so courteous an antagonist, we can rely on settling all our differences easily and speedily. Mr. Johnson is very fortunate in having the opportunity of beginning his diplomatic career so pleasantly; but he not only has the opportunity, he uses it eagerly and well, and he has already made his task much more easy and his success more certain, by inspiring Englishmen with a confidence in his personal friendliness and goodwill.

A FRIEND of mine writing from Interlachen, and driven for amusement one wet day to the *Livre des Etrangers*, has sent me the following:

Jungfrau looks to me like a lady
Sitting quietly down on her haunches,
And flinging at Goatherds so gaily
Her snowballs, and huge avalanches.
Her form, it is made to perfection,
Her bust white as marble appears;
But then 'tis a horrid reflection,
To think she is made with *Glaciers*.

And here are more extracts. This from the book at the *Righi-Kulm*:

Pour jouir de la belle vue
J'ai monté, un paquet sur le dos,
Lorsque du ciel creve une nue
Qui me transperça jusqu'aux os.
Je n'ai jamais vu de ma vie

Tomber en un jour autant d'eau,
Et quoique j'eusse un parapluie,
Il m'eût plus plu, qu'il plut plut.

This was to the address of poor Albert Smith, at Chamounix:

What a poor book am I, my only crime,
That noodles in me have their names rewritten;
Yet Mr. Smith, with indignation smitten,
Has vowed a mighty vow in London town,
That he will put me and my nonsense down!
Well may I tremble, for in prose or rhyme,
None has put down more nonsense in his time.

Again:

In questa casa troverete
Toutes les choses que vous souhaitez,
Bonum vinum, coctos carnes,
Neat postchaises, horses, harness,
Bois, épaves, l'heure, l'après.

"Once a Week."